

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. X.

JANUARY, 1807.

No. I.

ART. I.—*Poems and Plays, by William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.* Longman. 1805.

ALL the compositions contained in these volumes, except a few very short poems, have already at different times appeared before the public, and undergone the fiery ordeal of criticism. Professor Richardson has now collected all those children of his fancy whom he considers worthy of parental protection, and on whose merits he grounds his claims to the immortality of the poet. He has courted the muse under as many disguises as ever Jupiter assumed in the prosecution of his less chaste amours, but whether or not with the same ultimate success as the heathen god, is now to be decided. At one time he puts on the demure methodistic air of an elegiac bard, and weeps, sighs, and whines in a manner sufficiently deplorable to melt the most obdurate heart. At another, he brightens up into a spruce and fashionable beau, powdered, perfumed, and apparelled in a stile altogether irresistible. Ere long, he starts up in the form and dress of a shepherd, with a becoming crook over his shoulders, and puffing away with zeal and delight on the Scotch bag-pipe. While the prolonged sound of the drone is yet humming in our ears, who should rise before us, but the professor wrapped in the sweeping stole, and treading the lofty buskin in tragedy with a bloody dagger in the one hand, and a poisoned bowl in the other! The volumes are indeed a perfect raree shew. One page is drawn up, and lo! shepherds and their lasses sporting in the vale! Down it falls, and behold an Indian chief with hatchets, scalp, and tomahawks! The eye is soon relieved with the less formidable muster of a volunteer corps advancing against a

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dreadful discharge of blank cartridges, and again is startled at the spectre forms of Fingal, Starno, and other staring heroes. There is, doubtless, something very attractive in this variety of spectacle, and, at the time, we willingly overlook any defects, however glaring, in the execution of the several groups, satisfied with the general effect of the whole contrivance. When reason however begins to assume her sway over the impressions of sense, a revolution of sentiment often takes place in the mind, and we are apt to feel surprise, not unmixed with shame, at the easy liberality with which we bestowed our commendation.

It may not be amiss to follow this poetical Proteus through several of the most remarkable of his transformations. We shall probably find that, under all his disguises, his general appearance retains enough of its original air to discover the concealed professor, and that beneath the sable suit of elegy, the gay attire of Cupid, the commodious kilt of the mountain shepherd, or the gorgeous pall of tragedy, there is a stiffness, or to speak more correctly a pedantry, acquired perhaps from his academical avocations, that does not exactly correspond with any of these characters; and rather tends to exhibit professor Richardson in an awkward point of view. An actor who attempts to perform a great many different characters seldom succeeds remarkably well in any; he is apt to perform them all in the way; to decorate Othello with the polite nonchalance of Ranger, and to carry the air of Scrub into the closet scene of Hamlet.

Let us consider the professor in the first place as a dealer in elegies. There are so many real evils in the world, that if a person is disposed to be exceedingly melancholy, he need not go far out of the ordinary walks of human life to discover topics of lamentation. By seizing on some of the more prominent misfortunes to which poor mortals are subject, and trusting to the emotions of our own reflecting hearts for their embellishment, any man of taste and feeling might easily manufacture a middle-sized poem of such gloomy materials as to awaken doleful associations even in the bosoms of those inclined to be jocular. Of this truth people in general are so well convinced, that they do not feel themselves greatly obliged to a writer who ransacks every corner of his imagination, for hidden images of pain, grief, and despondency. Accordingly, fictitious sorrows are not so delightful to the sensible people of this country as they formerly were, and strains that wail with fancied woe are in general permitted to contribute exclusively to the private enjoyment of the bard by whom they were indited. There is a native manliness in the soul of Britons, that

disdains the whining ejaculations of written grief, and we trust that it will never suffer itself to be subdued by that childish cant of morbid sensibility that many modern poetasters have raised over the island. Professor Richardson may justly be included in the number of these plaintive mourners. We suppose his situation as professor of humanity in the university of Glasgow must be very comfortable. Why then should he terrify himself by such shocking visions as the following ?

' Fancy listens to my lay ;
Shrouds in her dusky pall th' expiring day !
Anon, athwart the burden'd skies
Slowly the deep, congenial glooms arise :
The lonely moan of the forlorn,
On the slow, pausing breath of midnight borne,
Flows from the visionary vale !
Seen by the livid gleam of fear,
Dimly featur'd shapes appear,
And melancholy's slow-puls'd heart assail :
Glaring fiends and spectres gaunt,
That from the gulf of horror rise, avault !' Vol. I. p. 80.

With such acquaintance as here described constantly dangling at one's heels, existence must be very uncomfortable. But our author is quite another melancholy Jacques ; he thinks nothing of moralizing on a stream half a summer's day, and ' loses and neglects the creeping hours of time' in very stale and unprofitable musings. Alluding to an oak that was shattered by a whirlwind, he proceeds thus :—

' Sweet emblem ! will the minstrel say
Who sighs and pours the plaintive lay ;
And bending o'er the sculptur'd urn
Invokes the tuneful nine to mourn ;
Sweet emblem ! will the minstrel say
And sigh and pour the plaintive lay ;
And grieve that merit cannot save
From dire disease and an untimely grave.' Vol. I. p. 82.

So completely has professor Richardson weakened his mind by such sickly effusions poured forth under a doze of imaginary evil, that when a subject of real interest occurs, he has nothing to bestow on it, but the lowest dregs of exhausted sentiment. He begins an elegy on the death of a young lady of his acquaintance as follows :

' Ah ! shepherds, what a lamentable change !
Behold that cheek where youth and beauty bloom'd
Lifeless and pale !'

In a little time, he exclaims in the affectation of phrenzy,

'Wake! lovely maid! but she can ne'er awake!
For who can burst the fetters of the tomb?'

And again:

'Ah me! if heavenly charms
Or softest melody could soothe the rage
Of rueful fate, our Phœbe had not died!'

He then goes on to prove, which he does by the most irrefragable arguments, that all men are mortal. (Vol. I. p. 59.) But the following elegiac hymn on an highly interesting subject is quoted by us as the very worst combination of words in the way of poetry existing in the English language.

'Hymn for the anniversary Meeting of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of the Clergy.'

'Shall they whose pious parents were
Devoted to the Lord,
Bow'd at his altar and unseal'd
His everlasting word,

'Strove with his people and subdued
Their heart to melt in prayer,
Or glow with thanksgiving, be doom'd
To wrestle with despair?

'Tho' cold and crumbling in the dust,
The pious father lies;
Jehovah! tho' no more on earth
His orisons arise;

'Thou carest for his children, thou
Wilt shield them from all ill:
They, if they trust in thee will have
In thee a father still, &c.' Vol. I. p. 129.

But,

'Away with melancholy nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly, but merrily, merrily sing fa, la!'

And this well-known verse of a justly popular song, introduces very neatly to our notice the professor as a votary of Cupid, chanting hymns and epithalamia with vast effect. He has now doff'd 'the trappings and the suits of woe,' and shakes his quiver with all possible archness and malice. The 'fruitful river in the eye' is dried up to its very channel, and the 'windy suspiration of forced breath' is softened down into the sigh of languishment and desire. In an address to a sky-lark, after many pretty little advices, he tells it 'to seek the bower where I no lies,' and exclaims,

' Go ! flutter round her heaving breast;
But oh ! while thus supremely blest !
Waste not thy time in silent gaze.
But warble wild thy native lays !
Or sing of Ino, and delay
For once to hail returning day !' Vol. I. p. 22.

After telling the lark not to *waste his time*, we little expected that he was to improve it in the empty task of singing, an occupation neither new nor interesting to an animal who had nothing else to do all the days of the week.

It would be no easy task to give a general character of the amorous verses addressed by professor Richardson to his various mistresses, under the names of Ino, Daphne, Lesbia, &c. His own opinion of them, however, is expressed in the following verses of an Anacreontic :

' When I sing the power of love,
Melody delights the grove !
Fragrant blooming flowers arise;
Breathing incense to the skies ;
Soft as evening zephyrs blow,
The ambling easy numbers flow;
And by this proof convinced I see,
O love ! I have no muse but thee !' Vol. I. p. 69.

We cannot however quit the professor as a votary of Cupid, without shortly noticing the ' Epithalamium on the marriages of the duchess of Athol; and of the honourable Mrs. Graham of Belgowan.' Whether he was afraid to trust his fancy with such warm images as the celebration of the marriage ceremony naturally excites, or was of opinion that all earthly passions were too sinful to enter the pure bosoms of the above mentioned ladies and their husbands, we shall not stop to conjecture ; but true it is that throughout the whole of the said epithalamium, not even the most distant hint of marriage is dropped, nor any feeling described that might lead the reader to imagine that the poet was speaking of living creatures. It resembles a chaade for the Lady's Magazine; and we think few unmarried females could discover its solution. After a description of the month of May, which is commonly supposed more favourable to intrigue than matrimony, he proceeds thus :

' —'Twas then where Doran guides
His winding current, in a verdant vale,
Ling'ring with fond delay, and raptur'd all
With the adornment of a cultur'd hill,
Lav'd by his wand'ring wave, the rural swains
Beheld two roses of illustrious stem

Blushing with orient bloom. The morning dew
Lay on their leaves, impearling them.

* * * * *

'No noisome weed was near them, and no shrub
Of noxious quality, with fast embrace
Twining insidious mid the tender shoots,
Empoison'd them.'—Vol. I. p. 98.

In short, they were two full-blown roses ripe for the matrimonial bouquet, or in other words, two young ladies weary of a single life. The metaphor is carried on to the end of the poem, and certainly produces a very singular effect. We have seen some verses by a friend on an epithalamium something similar to this one, which appear to describe very accurately the nature of the invention.

Hark! the rapt bard of love and marriage sings,
While o'er his harp vex'd Cupid flaps his wings,
And wonders much, yet wonders still in vain,
What means the strange, inexplicable strain!
Tho' beauty ask, and love inspire the theme,
The dearest names that bless the poet's dream;
Tho' blushing Venus half unveils her charms,
And bright-eyed Hymen spreads his eager arms;
While in glad smile and changing cheek appear
The bridegroom's ardour, and the virgin's fear;
Far from the naughty sight our chaste bard flies,
And to preserve his morals, shuts his eyes!
Unlike the warmth of Ovid's amorous strain,
Or modern Little's love-descriptive vein,
His frigid verse no glowing charm reveals,
Nor lovelier renders what its art conceals.
In classic phrase he speaks of hooks and crooks,
And streams that commune with the babbling brooks,
Till after balmy gales and vernal showers
And shrewd discourses from tongue-gifted flowers,
The wond'ring reader to the end when carried
Learns from all this—a loving pair were married!
Thus while the board with various dishes spread,
The glorious sirloin smoking at the head,
With watery mouth the tantalized sinner
D——s the long grace that keeps him from his dinner!

We come now to consider our author in the light of a shepherd swain, unacquainted with the noise of cities, and invested with the simple air of rusticity. He performs this part with considerable dexterity, and has contrived to write verses as guiltless of all signification, as the silliest talk of the silliest shepherd that ever waved his kilt to the mountain gales of Caledonia.

'Mild,' he sung, 'as orient day,
And beauteous as the bloom of May;
She moves with grace, and speaks with ease,
For nature form'd the fair to please !

* * *

'He paus'd: the swains who by him stood
Replying in a playful mood,
Said archly, we have also seen
The goddess dancing on the green !' Vol. I. p. 26.

* * *

'Tis said, should Virtue leave the skies
And visit earth in mortal guise ;
Glowing with elegant desire,
All that beheld her would admire.
With this opinion I agree,
For, Ino, she would smile like thee !'

Professor Richardson, however, sometimes forgets that he is a shepherd, and discovers a degree of learning, classical and otherwise, which would become an academical gown better than a tartan plaid. He converses in the most familiar terms with sylvans, fauns, oreads, dryads, naiads, satyrs, and so forth ; and dubs himself ' minstrel of the Idalian grove,' a title not to be found in the genealogy of Scottish shepherds. We have heard that the peasantry of Scotland are very well informed ; but we hope they do not study the amatory Greek and Latin poets.

Professor Richardson now pays his addresses to the tragic queen, who in due time is delivered of two bantlings, the ' Indians,' and the ' Maid of Lochlin.' We shall offer a few remarks on the respective merits of each. The scene of the ' Indians' is laid in the wilds of North America, and consequently the greatest number of the *Dramatis Personæ* are savages. The heroine, Maraino, however, is sprung from British blood, having been carried off when a child from her murdered parents. We find her married to a chief called Onaiyo, who had inspired her with sentiments of a tender nature by his dexterity in massacring and scalping her countrymen. At the opening of the tragedy this savage is from home fighting General Wolfe, and Maraino is induced to believe, by the cunning of one Yerdal a rejected lover, that he has had the misfortune of being killed. In the mean time a prisoner is brought in, tied neck and heels, who is about to furnish the subject matter of a bonfire, when, he providentially turns out to be Maraino's brother. He had, it seems, contrived to escape at the time the rest of his family had suffered ; but the mode of his escape is left to the reader's conjectures. Ere long Onaiyo returns perfectly alive in every respect, and after the expression of some little

jealousy, embraces this new relation, Sydney, who it seems had saved his life in battle, kills the villain Yerdal, and spreads universal joy over the tribe. Such is the outline of the plot, and, though common-place enough, it is certainly not devoid of interest. Some of the scenes are tolerably well executed, particularly the last of the 4th act, where Sydney is supposed to have killed Onaiyo, and his sister hesitates about sacrificing him to the manes of her husband. But on the whole nothing can be worse managed. Every thing is immediately foreseen, whether we will or not; and we are fatigued by tedious narratives of events that we had long ago anticipated. The whole of the first act consists of a conversation between Maraino and her father in law Ononthio, that must have been, both from its dullness and duration, very fatiguing to that worthy old gentleman, and which endangers the perusal of the tragedy by encouraging the influence of sleep. The most gross violation of savage manners every where occurs. In the middle of a battle an amorous and bold savage is represented giving away to an enemy who had felled him to the earth, the wampum belt that his wife had woven and bestowed as an eternal memorial of her love. This belt is afterwards made use of to prove the existence of its former wearer, a poor and unnatural device. Ononthio, an old warrior, is violent in his curses against human sacrifices, though he must have presided at them from his youth, and does not appear to have conversed with the missionaries. Onaiyo, on discovering his wife hanging on the breast of a stranger, walks quietly away to inquire of a friend the meaning of the phenomenon. A savage would instantly have stabbed him. Indeed, the North Americans are represented as a nation of philosophers. They all speak according to the rules of Quintilian for the formation of orators, and they deliver harangues, that in point of style would not yield to a maiden speech in the British senate. This seems not altogether so natural as might have been.

The 'Maid of Lochlin,' which our author chuses to call a lyrical drama, is founded upon a story in Fingal, a poem attributed to Ossian. It was read at one of the meetings of the literary society in Glasgow college, and we suppose Professor Richardson availed himself of the many excellent critical remarks suggested by the collected wisdom of that very learned body of men. The public have therefore a right to expect the Maid of Lochlin to be a perfect beauty. The story is shortly thus: Fingal king of stormy Morven, pays a friendly visit to Starno king of Denmark, gains the love of his daughter Agandecca, and the

consent of her parents to their marriage, when a wicked high-priest takes it into his head to prophesy that their union will be productive of destruction to the state. On hearing this, Starno withdraws his consent to the match, and Fingal invades Denmark, determined to assert his right to Agandecca by force of arms. Starno is vanquished in single combat, and yields up his daughter in a friendly way to the victor. The shame of defeat, however, rankles in his breast, and after attempting to make away with Fingal, first by poison and then by the sword in both of which attempts he is baffled by the good sense and presence of mind of Agandecca, in revenge he stabs that agreeable young lady, and then decamps to the forest, having first expressed his resolution of becoming a second Nebuchadnezzar. On the whole, this tragedy is scarcely so bad as the 'Indians.' The haughty, revengeful, daring, stern soul of Starno is delineated in a manner not entirely destitute of effect; nor is Agandecca an ill-drawn representative of a mild, timid maiden willing to obey the authority of a parent, yet trembling for the safety of an adored lover. But all the other characters are miserably delineated. The high-priest is an unreasonable idiot-monster, wicked without being terrible, and clothed in all the deformity without any of the sublimity of superstition. Fingal himself is a poor driveller without feeling or energy of any kind, and remarkable solely for great muscular strength. His love for Agandecca, instead of partaking of the violent impetuosity of a youthful warrior, resembles exactly the assumed passion of a considerate old gentleman, who determines on taking a wife for the better management of his household affairs. His bosom-friend Ullin, like the 'fidus Achates' of Æneas, is a perfect cypher; and if we may be allowed to judge from his specimens of poetry, one of the dumbest bards that ever woke the Gaelic harp. As for the old queen, it is not easy to know what she would be at. We are sometimes inclined to take her for a good kind of a body, who wishes to conciliate matters as much as possible, and to steer clear of every thing either unpleasant to her own feelings or those of her husband and daughter. At other times she uses poor Agandecca very harshly, and abuses Fingal like a pick-pocket. How she was affected by her daughter's death, the deponent sayeth not, for though she supports the murdered Agandecca in her last moments, she does not open her mouth upon the subject. This silence was perhaps meant for nature, like that of Ajax to Ulysses, and of Dido to Æneas in the shades. But nothing can be more inconsistent with the character of the queen, who seems to have

been chiefly remarkable for want of feeling, and superabundance of loquacity. When writers imitate the ancients let them do so with their eyes open.

We cannot meet with any passage in this tragedy deserving quotation on the score of excellence. The language is uniformly stiff and formal, and occasionally very bombastical. Agandecca replies to a question from her mother concerning her health in the following words :

‘Thou hast no child ! I am no more ! this form
Consists of adamant, and is the pillar
That must uphold the globe. Perchance thou deem’st
This arm, thus laced with azure veins, a limb
Fashion’d like thine ; but ’tis of solid marble ;
And Odin’s throne rests on this feeble arm.’ Vol. I. p. 145.

The rough and boisterous Starno uses this infantine language to Fingal about his daughter’s illness :

‘A thrill of maidenhood and modest terror ;
An evanescent page of timid coyness.’

How simply natural ! how like the style of ordinary conversation is the following little table talk of the queen !

‘O ! that his venturous keel had never plough’d
The foamy ridges of our billowy main !
And that the pine, that bore the snow-white sail,
Still flung her shadow from the rocky steep
That stems the western ocean !’

Professor Richardson might as well have mentioned his theft of this passage from the *Medea* of Euripides, which he has endeavoured to conceal by washing out the original colour of the article, and staining it with the rancid oil of his midnight lamp ; nor would the liver of Sir Richard Blackmore have burned with envy, at the perusal of

‘Nay, let perdition
Confound this peopled orb ; shake and convulse
With horrible turmoil, the rocks that rib
Th’ embodied earth, and plunge them in the main,
Whose billows dash yon western sky, that bends
To their rude greeting ; or with giant gripe
Tear from his sapphire throne the Lord of day,
Nor ever let usurping night be chased
From her dominion, rather than my soul
Mate with disgrace, stoop, by compulsion stoop
To insult, nor my burning thirst of vengeance
Slake in the life spring of this caitiff’s blood !’

After such passages as these, how quietly does the mind repose on the following gentle strain !

‘ She breathes her latest breath !
Heaves a departing sigh !
How motionless in death
The lustre of her eye !
‘ How chang’d to deadly pale,
Her cheek so rosy red !
O youth and old bewail
Our Agandecca dead ! ! !’

We have now followed professor Richardson with some attention through his various characters. Before bidding him farewell, we shall merely address to him a few general observations. In the first place, he has adhered longer than any modern versifier with whom we are acquainted, to the old-fashioned slang of poetry. We are rarely, now-a-days, provoked with senseless invocations to some imaginary being called a muse, since experience has confirmed the non-entity of all good spirits so denominated. But the professor not only invites her to take an occasional stroll with him among the woods and glens of Scotland, but declares on his word of honour that she has frequently accepted of the invitation, and blessed him with the most loving endearments. In an agony of delight he exclaims : (Vol. I. p. 36.)

‘ In the stream-divided glade
O how sweet with thee unseen,
By the bloomy hawthorn shade
To enjoy the pensive scene !

* * * *

‘ How dear to love and friendship, thou
Of turtle eye and placid brow ;
For feelings exquisitely fine,
And truth and tenderness are thine.’

Instead of calling the morning Aurora, the evening Hesper, and the moon Cynthia, it would have been more sensible, and just as pretty, to have called them by their own names in good king’s English.

Another general fault of Mr. Richardson’s compositions in verse is his perpetual use of personification. He never speaks of any strong feeling of the mind or striking quality of external nature, without making it a living character. This is a dangerous attempt ; for it frequently leads into extravagance and absurdity, and generally renders the idea so expressed dim, vague, and obscure. A poet of vivid imagination, of great powers of abstraction, and possessed of a copious command of fairy language, like the

mild and plaintive Collins, may, if he chooses, revel in all the luxuriance of imagery, and roam unfettered through the enchanted paradise of visionary personifications. His song will be of the higher mood: obscure only to the obtuse, and extravagant only to the dull; but to spirits touched with congenial fire, bright with the hues of heaven. But shall the feeble poetaster dare to tread the ground that the genius of Collins has hallowed? Let him not be guilty of profanation to the ashes of the mighty dead: He then ceases to be ridiculous; he becomes indecent.

To mention, however, all the faults of style and sentiment that swarm over these volumes, would require a patience and an industry which our readers may be glad we do not possess. Unfortunately, they are all faults arising from sterility of soul. Our author's fancy seems perfectly famished; and reduced to mere skin and bone. Accordingly, she devours whatever comes in her way, less solicitous for dainty morsels, than lumpish gross materials fitted to satisfy the cravings of her voracity. In her eagerness for something to devour, to use the words of Shakspeare, 'she looks even impossible places,' and after rummaging through an ode, comes out at the end of it, with a hungry deploring look that is truly lamentable. Sometimes too, after stumbling by accident upon a tolerably good thing, she gives it a few convulsive mastications, and then throws it aside; much to the credit either of her self-denial or stupidity.

We have been induced to dwell longer on professor Richardson's volumes than they deserve, from our respect for his character as a man of literature. We are truly sorry that he should ever have mistaken his talents so far as to come before the public as a priest of Apollo. Much time must have been lost in the composition of his plays and poems; that might have been usefully and creditably employed. He has shewn in his Essays on Shakspeare no contemptible talent for philosophical criticism, and sincerely do we wish that he had addicted himself exclusively to pursuits of that kind. Though he might not, perhaps, have exhibited any new vices of human nature, he might have expressed old ones in a neat and attractive manner, and probably have thus acquired a place at the bottom of the second-rate essayists. In place of this rational conduct he has pursued a road to glory where he has been lost and bewildered, and never advanced a single step farther since the commencement of his journey. Nothing can be more distressing to the feeling heart than to behold a man advanced in years, (as the professor's portrait, prefixed to his poetical works, leads us to

suppose him) staggering about on the great north road of fame, unprovided with the coin of genius to gain admittance through the various turnpikes, and exposed to the sneers and mud of more successful travellers. As friends, we advise him to desist from the journey; and though it may be known at present to some persons, that he has published a long account of his hitherto short excursion, he may console himself with the rational belief that it will soon be forgotten, and that the witnesses of his disgrace will shortly be confined to the unprofaned shelves, set apart for the skeletons of deceased poetry.

ART. II.—*Dissertations on Man, philosophical, physiological, and political; in answer to Mr. Malthus's 'Essay on the Principle of Population.'* By J. Jarrold, M. D. 8vo. Cadell. 1806.

FEW works have produced a stronger impression, or made a more sudden and violent révolution in the sentiments of many, than that, of which it is the object of the present *Dissertations* to expose the fallacy and refute the arguments. Before the appearance of Mr. Malthus's book, several good and wise men, some of whom had perhaps adopted a rather visionary philanthropy, imagined that many essential improvements might be introduced into the present vitiated state of our political institutions; by which the happiness of mankind might be considerably increased; by which the pressure of poverty and woe might be alleviated, and the means of subsistence furnished in greater abundance to every individual. But Mr. Malthus's *Essay on Population* no sooner appeared, than it seemed to dispel in a moment the gay and fascinating schemes of philanthropical speculation. By one striking argument, which was hastily believed to rest on the basis of immutable truth, Mr. Malthus endeavoured to prove that all the alterations which were proposed in the present forms and combinations of civil polity were founded in error, and would only increase the evil which they were intended to remove. Mr. Malthus argued that there was a tendency in population to increase beyond the means of subsistence; and that the new forms of political society, which were so strenuously vindicated by well meaning but mistaken individuals, by giving new force and activity to this tendency, would inevitably augment the privations and sufferings of mankind. Mr. Malthus states that in countries in which the principle of human increase experiences no material check, the population will double its numbers every twenty-five years, but that the increase of subsistence, instead of keeping pace with this rapid

multiplication, would soon fall so considerably below it, that the most fatal confusion and the most accumulated misery must ensue. The increase of population, when unchecked, would proceed, according to Mr. Malthus, in a geometrical ratio, as the numbers, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c. ; while the increase of subsistence, even under the most favourable circumstances, could not be expected to advance in any other than an arithmetical ratio, as the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. However true this may appear in theory, we believe that it will be found false in fact. However much it may seem confirmed by a few partial instances, it is refuted by general experience. The whole history of the world, with very few exceptions, may be adduced to subvert the argument. And though it is apparently established by the algebra of Mr. Malthus, it is proved to be only a delusive phantom by the realities of life. It is one of those paper-calculations, which for a time dazzle and confound, but in which there is neither solidity nor truth. The effect however of his reasoning, as far as it has operated, has been most pernicious. It has repressed the activity of benevolence, and chilled the ardour of philanthropy. It has encouraged and indurated the selfish feelings of the heart ; and perhaps misled even many a virtuous mind to relax its exertions in the service of humanity. It has shaken the trust of many in the moral government of the Deity ; and made them consider vice and misery as inseparable ingredients in the constitution of the world. It has afforded a sanction to those, who were before but too much inclined to perpetuate the ignorance and depravity of man ; and there is no one species of political depravity, not even excepting the slave trade itself, which may not be vindicated on the principles of Mr. Malthus, and made to wear even the appearance of humanity.

One great and incontrovertible objection to the argument of Mr. Malthus, is that it supposes something irrelevant and contradictory in the plans of Providence. In the works of God and in the administration of the world we behold singular wisdom displayed in the adaptation of the means to the end which is to be produced. But the theory of Mr. Malthus supposes ample means without any corresponding end. It supposes a great power given, by which no adequate effect can be produced, and which cannot be exerted according to the original intention of him who gave it, without the most calamitous consequences. It makes the divine fiat, INCREASE AND MULTIPLY, a command which it behoves us rather to transgress than to obey. For, according to Mr. Malthus, a superfluous and destructive ener-

gy is given to the principle of population, beyond that, to which, with every possible exertion of human industry, the increase of subsistence ever can be adequate. The multiplication of the human species is made in an almost incalculable degree to exceed the possibilities of subsistence. What is this but to suppose something radically wrong in the constitution of the world? Is it not to ascribe absurdity or impotency, want of consistency or want of power to the moral government of God?

Mr. M. in order to give the greater force to his argument, puts extreme cases which never have occurred and which never can occur. He says that as the population of any country, where it is unchecked, will double itself every twenty-five years, the population of this island, supposing it at present 11 millions, would at the conclusion of a single century amount to 176 millions; while the means of subsistence, even if they increased in an arithmetical ratio every 25 years, would be equal only to the support of 55 millions, leaving a population of 121 millions totally unprovided for. But common sense will teach us that nothing of this kind can ever happen, and in matters of practical concern like the present, it is useless to frame impracticable hypotheses, or to put cases which never can be realized. This can serve only to impose on the ignorant and mislead the unwary. Mr. Malthus himself confesses that '*population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence.*' The numbers of mankind then never can increase beyond the food which is necessary for their support; and it is absolutely impossible that population should increase beyond the means of subsistence to the extent which is assumed by Mr. Malthus, so as to leave 121 millions without a morsel of bread. If population be limited by the means of subsistence, and cannot go beyond it, they must be regarded as two equipollent powers. The force of the one is in a state of equipoise with that of the other. The ratio of increase is not different, but the same. The universal experience of all ages and all nations proves this to be the case; and a fact which is established by such experience, is not to be subverted by the calculations of algebra, assisted by the ingenuity or the logic of Mr. Malthus. The increase of subsistence keeps pace with the multiplication of the consumers; as the consumption of any article is found by daily experience rather to augment than to diminish the quantity. For the more there are to consume, the more there will be to produce, and the greater encouragement to the production. God gives nothing to man without industry, but industry seldom fails to be excited in proportion to the hope of re-

compense. He who told all mankind to use this diurnal supplication, 'give us this day the food which is sufficient for us,' did not teach any to pray for what they never could obtain. This would have been to deride the common sense of man and the unspeakable goodness of God. The earth is not made up of loaves of bread ; but it may be made to produce as much bread as those who people its surface can consume. Did mankind multiply as fast as Mr. M. thinks that they might, and supposes that they would, if the principle of population were unchecked, they would soon have to lament not only the want of subsistence but the want of space. The sentient myriads of this habitable globe would be pressed into an incorporated mass, panting for breath. But who entertains any apprehensions of such a calamity ? And yet it is almost as probable and quite as possible as that over-peopled world which the sapient Mr. Malthus would teach us to dread. Mr. Malthus in this respect is like a man who would prevent us from going in quest of some good, which we might obtain, by portending some overwhelming evil which is never likely to arrive. His book is better calculated than any which we have ever perused, to make selfish and cold-blooded politicians, who are indifferent to the feelings and the happiness of their fellow-creatures, and who will congratulate themselves on having so able a master and so specious a system to justify their schemes of cruelty and oppression, their base and interested attempts to prolong the period of ignorance, of slaughter, and of woe.

It appears to us to happen rather unfortunately for the argument of Mr. Malthus, that, in this country, in which he thinks that the population, if unchecked, would, in the short revolution of a century, amount to the enormous sum of 176 millions, the principle of population has, since the revolution under the auspices of the Prince of Orange, experienced no material check, and yet the whole population of the island does not appear to be double what it was more than one hundred years ago. But during all this period subsistence was abundant ; and in the first sixty or seventy years, not only adequate but superior to the necessities of the people : much more food was produced than was consumed ; and after supplying the home market, a large quantity of grain remained for exportation. In this interval, there were no years of famine or of pestilence to fill our sepulchres with the untimely dead. Some wars occurred, but the destruction of the species in these, was comparatively small, and at least by no means so great as to account for the difference between the actual population of the country and that which it ought to have been according to the calcula-

tions of Mr. Malthus. We have here, at least for the greater part of the last century, an instance of a country in which no material check was given to the principle of population, in which subsistence was abundant, and so far from having reached its farthest point of extension as to be susceptible of great increase, and yet in which this overwhelming principle of population appears to have remained almost stationary, or at least to have made only a tardy and imperceptible advance. Mr. Malthus will tell us that in some of the North American states the population has been known to double itself in 25 years; but though we are far from admitting that the principle of population is so much more active on one side of the Atlantic than on the other, yet, allowing the partial instance, we feel ourselves justified in denying the general conclusion. For Mr. Malthus omits a very important consideration which makes against his argument: the variation of the principle of fecundity in different countries and at different periods. Mr. M. supposes this principle to be equally efficacious in all nations, all climates, and all times. All that, according to him, is wanting to render it operative at all times and in all places, is a sufficiency of food. In proportion as food is increased, numerous mouths will issue from the womb and open to receive it. The birth of babes and sucklings is made tantamount to the power of appeasing the cravings of hunger and of thirst. But it is so far from being true, as Mr. Malthus asserts, that population not only always keeps pace with the increase of subsistence, but is constantly making advances beyond it, that, in many instances where subsistence is plentiful, population is comparatively small. This was particularly the case in this country in one of its happiest and most glorious periods, the first seventy years after the revolution, when the subsistence exceeded the wants of the population; though, according to the fallacious statements of Mr. Malthus, there ought in that period to have been a surplus of starving millions. Did Mr. Malthus never hear of or never observe any thing like providential arrangement in the government of the world and in the affairs of men? And will not this, where other causes are insufficient, account for the manifest difference in the fecundating power in different countries and periods? The laws of God, though general, are never exempted from particular controul; and the present action is by no means incompatible with the past regulations of his providence. The revolutions of the seasons are general laws; but were two seasons ever the same? There is a general providence, and there is a particular and a present administration. This particular administration of general laws, by adapting them to every variation of circumstances, may, and we have no

doubt does, though by a secret and invisible agency, keep the population of the world on a level with the means of subsistence and often below it, without calling in, as Mr. Malthus does, vice and misery to his aid.

Vice and misery, or moral and physical evil of every species and description, with every possible combination and circumstance of want and woe, are Mr. Malthus's merciful expedients to bridle and restrain this wild and impetuous principle of population. He does indeed talk of moral restraint; but he seems to allow it so little efficacy that it is in fact no restraint at all. His great and powerful engines, his instruments of torture, his screws and presses to keep down the population to a level with the possibilities of subsistence, are vice and misery. These are the means which the benevolent father of mankind is supposed to have devised in order to counteract his own first command, INCREASE AND MULTIPLY.

If the principle of population were so active, and the multiplication of mankind so rapid as Mr. Malthus asserts, it seems very strange that the world, which is so many thousand years old, should not yet be half peopled; and that even the most civilized countries, in which few checks have been opposed to the operation of the fecundating power, should present so many uncultivated wastes. If, therefore, the principle of population should not proceed more rapidly in the future than it has in the past, many thousand years must yet elapse before the world can obtain its full complement of inhabitants; or before there can be human beings enough to exhaust the ample reservoirs of subsistence, with which the bounty of nature has enriched the surface of the earth. That period, therefore, when countless millions are to languish in all the extremity of want, which Mr. Malthus represents as such an approximating woe and an object of such immediate alarm, is either never likely to arrive, or else is placed at such an immeasurable distance, as to be no object of apprehension or dismay. Why then should we be deterred, by the ominous calculations of Mr. Malthus, from seeking that good which is real, from the senseless dread of having to encounter an evil which exists only in the imagination? If we can alleviate the present misery, or augment the present happiness of our fellow creatures, let us prosecute the object with that diligence which it deserves, without suffering any remote improbable contingencies; any mysterious delineations of invisible calamity to divert us from our purpose. If by any improvements in our domestic and civil polity, we can improve the condition of the lower classes of society, let not the gloomy speculations of Mr. Malthus chill the ardour of our philanthropy, or cast over our

minds a cloud of sceptical inquietude, which, by making us doubt the wisdom or the goodness of the divine administration, may repress these energetic exertions which we should otherwise make in the service of humanity. The present *Dissertations* have induced us to make these strictures on Mr. Malthus's celebrated essay; because we are convinced, that as far as it has made any impression on the public mind, that impression has been adverse to the happiness of mankind. It has diminished the sensibility of the benevolent, and increased the apathy of the selfish. It has taught many to consider vice and misery as necessary ingredients in the present constitution of the world, and appointed as the corrective of those laws which Omniscience established. Instead of the gay colouring of hope and joy, it casts the funereal hue of sorrow and despair over the future prospects of man. It tends to excite the belief that we are living in a world in which evil will keep perpetually accumulating, because it is connected with the increase of population, of which he represents the inordinate exertions, as incapable of being restrained without the salutary interposition of vice and misery. We have been taught to cherish the hope, which the arguments of Mr. Malthus will not readily induce us to abandon, that the sufferings of mankind are not a necessarily increasing quantity, but are susceptible of a considerable diminution. We do not indeed anticipate any thing like a state of pure and unmixed happiness in this probationary sphere; but we do look for a degree of enjoyment greater than the present; when vice will be less prevalent and misery less diffused. We do not assent to any chimerical supposition of the perfectibility of man; but not only the voice of revelation but of reason and experience teach us that man may keep indefinitely improving in virtue and in happiness. To the increase of civilization no limits can be assigned; and though the perfection of virtue is far beyond our reach, yet there are many points below perfection, yet far above our present point of moral degradation, to which we may safely aspire; and which, as the Christian doctrine becomes more operative in our souls, we shall certainly attain. It is this doctrine, in which alone we confide as the best means of improving the state of man, the precepts of which, in proportion as they are practised, will render subsistence more abundant by making industry more active and benevolence more diffusive. It will heighten and refine the passion of love by mingling it more largely with the spirit of virtue and of piety. It will oppose no unnatural check to population, but will encourage it to proceed within those limits, and subject to those restrictions, which modesty prescribes and

the Creator designed. And when that principle is thus exercised, the population of the world never can go beyond the possibilities of subsistence; nor can the earth present the mournful spectacle, which the fancy of Mr. Malthus portrays, of starving millions. On the contrary, the increase of subsistence, favoured by the providential arrangements of God, will be more than adequate to all the wants of the peopled world.

In the present work of Dr. Jarrold we have found many just and pertinent observations, some of which Mr. Malthus will find it difficult to refute. We have perused his Dissertations with considerable satisfaction, and we think that they may be read with advantage by those who have unwarily been led to think that the arguments of Mr. Malthus, which are so formidably invested in the armour of arithmetic, may safely defy the hostility of every assailant.

ART. III.—*The Works of Sallust; to which are prefixed two Essays on the Life, Literary Character, and Writings of the Historian; with Notes, historical, biographical, and critical. By Henry Steuart, L.L.D. F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. Royal 4to. 4l. 12s. Baldwin. 1806.*

TRANSLATION has, until within these few years, been very undeservedly regarded by the literati of this country rather in a contemptuous light. Dr. Jortin seems to have thought little better of it than Cervantes. But this error seems to arise from misapprehending the principal object of translation, which is not to furnish the unlearned with a substitute for the originals, so much as to accommodate the half-learned with a sort of perpetual commentary in its most pleasing and illustrative form. A regular annotation, by drawing off the attention of the reader to detached parts, prevents his perception of the united effect of the whole. At least in poetry and oratory this is the case, and accordingly we remember that Spence in his *Polymetis* confesses that he never apprehended the full scope and beauty of some of Horace's satires and epistles, arising from the connection of the several parts, until he read Pope's imitations of them. Again, a commentator, if he meet with an obscure passage, can slur it over with the affectation of perceiving no difficulty, or (which is worse) he may talk about it and about it till by pouring forth a vast mass of irrelevant quotation he has rendered confusion worse confounded. But a translator must make some sense of his original, if it be only to save appear-

ances. Such then is the importance and utility of translation. But unfortunately the fame of success in this branch of literature has rarely risen to such a height as to prove sufficient either as a recompense for past or a stimulus to farther exertions.

It may not be amiss briefly to consider the different orders of translators that have sprung up among us. The first set were the *doers into English*, the mere verbal translators, like Hobbes, Littlebury, and Philemon Holland. These were perfectly satisfied with rendering the words of one language into the words of another, never dreaming of the propriety of transfusing idioms. In their poetical translations also they followed the same law, exemplifying the old Italian proverb which terms translators *tradittori*, or traitors. In both kinds, as Wakefield observes of Hobbes's Homer, their versions bore the same resemblance to the originals as a dead carcase bears to a vigorous living body. Meanwhile our continental neighbours were commencing a series of elegant and easy versions from the classics, and this gave rise to a second class of translators in England, namely those who worked for hire and copied after their French predecessors. Thus translation by degrees dwindled down to a mere bookseller's job, and many a Grub-street garret-keeper, no doubt, was obliged to repel the cravings of hunger or the claims of his creditors until he had *rendered* the appointed sheetfull of letter-press, 'and sweat to earn his cream-bowl duly set.' Hence the press groaned under such translations as that of Tacitus by Dryden and Co., of Plato's Dialogues from Dacier, &c. almost all furbished out of French translations (themselves no doubt imperfect), and consequently exhibiting little more resemblance of the originals than the shadow of a shade. Since this, translation has gradually been extending her territories and asserting her rights. During the last half-century, and even within the last twenty years, this degraded branch of literary labour has risen sensibly in the public estimation, and men of real learning, taste, and leisure are beginning to employ their talents in producing such copies of the ancients as need not be ashamed to be confronted with them, and in such English as an Englishman can read with pleasure.

Nevertheless, perhaps, as formerly our translations were too meagre and verbal, so they now threaten to be too licentious and decorated. To avoid stiffness and servility we run into the opposite extreme of superinduced ornament. If a metaphor occurs, we catch up the bauble, turn it round and round, and stick it all over with spangles. If a strong or pointed expression meets us, we give it a cumbrous strength.

In a word, in search of grace, we forget simplicity, and 'o'erstep the modesty of nature.' Melmoth's Cato, Major, and Lælius are compositions of great merit for originality and elegance. But to a reader of taste who compares him with his model, there will appear a luxuriance and finery in those essays foreign from the neat Attic style of Cicero. Mr. Murphy's Tacitus is a work which Dr. Steuart loads with deserved praises, and seems to look up to as a model of translation. Yet even in him a little less dilatation and amplification of style would have been an improvement. Observe, we are far from recommending the old *mumpsimus* instead of the modern *sumpsimus*; we wish not to see the hum-drum verbal fashion of translating renewed; but we do wish translators to recollect, first, that all superfluous decoration is apt to weaken; secondly, that the original writer is more likely to know the proper limits within which he may expatiate than a translator; lastly, that though it is easy enough to attain the appearance of originality and ease by entirely new-casting a sentence, and as it were transplanting it into a rich compost of our own, yet if a little of the native mould be not kept about the roots, these full grown plants rarely fail to degenerate in a foreign soil, or, to drop the metaphor, a sentence can hardly be wholly varied in its form and texture without more or less mutilating and infringing the sense. Of these positions we shall shortly have occasion to offer a few examples from the work under consideration: not that Dr. S. is often guilty of misrepresenting his author; but if in so perspicuous a writer as Sallust this is occasionally the case, it may serve as a warning to free translators of other authors, who are more obscure.

The first sentiment which must strike every one on a sight of the present work is—How is it possible that Sallust can furnish matter sufficient to fill two thick volumes in quarto, price four pounds twelve shillings? To account for this we must briefly state the contents: the first volume contains a dedication and preface, two long dissertations with copious notes treating not only of the subjects mentioned in the title-page, but of the times in general in which Sallust lived; the progress of historical composition among the Romans; in short, of every thing which had any connection with the subject of the historian. Dr. S. is not a writer of the Catonic cast (*qui multa paucis absolvunt*), and in the notes particularly, though mixed with much substantial information and judicious remark, is no small portion of that literary tittle-tattle which is become so fashionable, and to which we should make less objection if we were not obliged to pay so dear for it. Next follow the two letters or political

discourses addressed (as is supposed) by Sallust to Cæsar on the reformation of the government,* with notes. The second volume contains the Catilinarian and Jugurthine wars, with copious illustrations to each.

On the character of Sallust, Dr. S. is a staunch advocate. He fairly shews that most of the commentators have followed too implicitly the common notion of his scandalous debauchery, founded principally on a passage in Horace, in which it is far from certain that it is the historian who is attacked. Le Clerc he thinks (and in our judgment justly thinks) guilty of malignant prejudice against his author. At the same time perhaps, in some points he lays himself open to a charge of partiality almost as inexcusable. It is certain that Sallust in the government of his province exercised a degree of oppression and extortion, which was offensive in an age when even a Brutus was not ashamed of the practice, as may be seen in Cicero's letters. At the same time there is not a writer of antiquity who preaches up the virtues of justice, integrity, and moderation, and inveighs with more warmth against the opposite vices of avarice, luxury, and peculation. At this Le Clerc is justly indignant, and stigmatizes him for a hypocrite. Dr. Stewart calls this indignation 'striking at the root of morality,' and attributes the moralizing vein of Sallust to the contritions of repentance, willing to compensate by words for the villainy of past crimes. But we may ask—was not Sallust, at the time of his railing against avarice and luxury with such a show of integrity, enjoying in princely grandeur the fruits of his exorbitance? And is not the sincerity of his repentance under such circumstances extremely problematical? and are not the same rigid principles enforced in his two letters to Cæsar, which, according to Dr. S.'s own account were composed in an earlier part of the historian's life? lastly is that man likely to reform the world by his lectures who is obliged to add—do as I say and not as I have myself done; or rather is he not doing serious mischief by inducing an opinion that all strictness of precept is equally insincere?

Dr. S. admires the prefaces of Sallust. They have always appeared to us stiff and formal common-place, wholly inapposite to the compositions to which they are prefixed. The want of connection indeed may be somewhat excused by the well known practice of Cicero, who kept an assortment of these scraps by him with which he could top and tail his treatises as occasion required. Yet Livy soon after

† De republica ordinandâ; not very accurately rendered by our translator, On the administration of the government.

had the sense to write a preface suited to his subject, and at the same time extremely elegant in itself.

Dr. S.'s comparison of the respective characteristic styles of Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus is judicious and discriminating.

'Sallust is concise, strong and rapid. Like a stream which rolls over a firm and rocky channel, he is often harsh and abrupt, but always pure and perspicuous. Livy is copious, smooth, and flowing. He is a majestic river, passing over a fertile soil; but of which the windings are sometimes artificial, and the waters sometimes turbid: while their successor Tacitus, who copied the abruptness of the one, and far surpassed the art and obscurity of the other, charms with the strokes of original genius, and rises to an energy peculiar to himself. Of the three, Sallust is the most chaste and pure; Livy the most diffuse and eloquent; Tacitus the most vigorous and impressive. Perhaps they were all too apt to forget, that the highest, as well as the most pleasing effort of art unquestionably is, when it effects its own concealment. Had the first been less sententious and abrupt, the second less artificial and declamatory, and the third less affected and obscure, nothing more would have been to be desired, as a perfect model for imitation. As it is, no one of them can be strictly said to come up to our idea of such a standard.'

The great excellence of Sallust is undoubtedly this, that though brief, he is not obscure. Livy also is upon the whole a perspicuous writer, though not so transparent as Sallust. In the sentences adduced by Dr. S. in a note, his expression is certainly involved and awkward. But that this proceeded, as he conjectures, from the enigmatical style of declamation which already, as Quintilian informs us, began to be recommended in the rhetorical schools, we can by no means believe. That the public taste even then began to decline, may perhaps be admitted. But the question how far Livy's mind had caught the infection, must after all be referred to a critical examination of his history. Now in the obscure passages cited from the first decade, and perhaps most others which *could* be cited from the same writer, the obscurity appears to proceed from involved and intricate construction, and this from a rapid and ardent habit of composition, where the thoughts crowd so fast upon the writer's mind, that he cannot give them clear utterance. It is from this cause, and not from a premeditated intention to darken the meaning (*σκοτειναι*), that Livy's few obscurities seem to us to arise.

Dr. S. is very anxious to convict Tacitus of petty larceny from Sallust. Mr. Murphy dwells much upon Tacitus's originality, and surely with justice. For with all his affected abruptness, studied brevity, and occasionally poetical diction, Tacitus is certainly in manner an unique. He

has every where the appearance of writing from the workings of his own energetic mind, tinctured as it confessedly was with the false taste of his times. It would be too long to examine with nicety every resemblance which Dr. Steuart finds between these two writers, and attributes to imitation *prepenſe*. The address of Catiline to his accomplices previous to the engagement with Petreius, is conceived to be the prototype of Galgacus's speech in the life of Agricola. The character given of Sempronia by Sallust, is supposed to have furnished the outlines of Tacitus's portrait of Poppæa. In an account of Jugurtha's encouragement to his soldiers before the battle near the Muthul, Sallust has this passage :

'Singulas turmas et manipulos circumiens monet ;...quæ ab imperatore decuerint, omnia suis provisæ : locum superiorem ; uti prudentis cum imperitis (Qu. should not this be read *imparatis* ?), ne pauciores cum pluribus aut rudes cum bello melioribus manum consererent ;...illum diem aut omnis labores et victorias confirmaturum, aut maximarum ærumnarum initium fore.'

The similar passages in Tacitus, in which he deems the imitation 'too marked and striking to escape the notice of the critical reader,' are as follows :

'Quæ provideri astu ducis oportuerit, provisæ ; campos madentes, et ipsi gnaros, paludes hostibus noxias. Hist. V. 17.'

'Enimvero Caractacus, huc illuc volitans, illum diem, illam aciem testabatur aut recuperandæ libertatis aut servitutis æternæ initium fore. An XII. 34.'

Now if tried by the criteria so judiciously laid down by bishop Hurd in his Essay on Imitation, that is, by the principles of good-sense, we conceive that the resemblance in the above passages is not so close but that it may still be accounted for as fortuitous. There is nothing so peculiar either in the thought, or in the construction, or in the words themselves, as to make it necessary to conclude that Tacitus deliberately copied from Sallust. The expressions of the latter *might* be floating in the memory of the former, or they might *not* : none can determine. We ourselves, in the course of perusing Sallust's histories with the present work before us, have remarked a singular resemblance of sentiment, though on different occasions, between Sallust and Demosthenes, unnoticed by Dr. S. In the inflammatory harangue of Marius to the people, he says :

'At ego scio, Quirites, qui postquam consules facti sunt, sota majorum et Græcorum militaria legere præcepta cœperunt ; homines

præposter! nam gerere, quam fieri, tempore posterius, re atque usu prius est.

Now if we turn to the second Olynthiac of Demosthenes, we find a maxim exactly analogous to the preceding :

Τὸ γὰρ πράττειν, τοῦ λέγειν καὶ χειροτονεῖν ὑστερον ὢν τῇ τάξει, προτερον τῇ δυνάμει καὶ κρείττον ἐστὶ.*

Yet is it not very possible that Sallust might have written his remark without so much as ever having read the similar one of the Athenian orator ? In a word, let it but be granted that on like occasions the same thought may occur to different authors, and that the same thought is likely to suggest similar expressions, and nine-tenths of what commentators call instances of imitation, will turn out to be mere casual coincidences.

Of the translator's notes in general it is but justice to remark that great pains have evidently been taken to render them useful and instructive to the student. The accounts given of all the personages mentioned by his author are at once full, satisfactory and clear. And this is no light commendation : for from the extensive ramifications of the Roman families, and the frequent recurrence of the same prænomen, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to comprehend and communicate correctly and luminously the distinctive characters who under the same name figured in the Roman republic. This task Dr. S. has executed with the hand of a master, and what gives additional value to his notes, he seldom fails to subjoin his sources of information and his authorities at the end. Sometimes however he swells them with unnecessary details of what every school-boy knows, or may know if he pleases, by consulting his Kennet or Adam. Of what use is it, for instance, to give an account of the Roman calendar, which is at the head of every Ainsworth's dictionary ? On such subjects, if he had referred his reader to the latter of the two above-mentioned manuals, and corrected or supplied their errors or deficiencies, it would have been amply sufficient, and at the same time have stopped the mouths of shallow impertinents, who may be apt to quote against him the sarcasm of Martial, '*Aliter non fit, avite, liber,*'—and perhaps to translate it thus :

Unless these treasures we resort to,
How shall we fill a royal quarto ?

* The same remark is applicable to the resemblance between a thought in the preface to the Cat. Consp. and one in Plato de Rep. L. 9. unnoticed by Dr. S. ἄλλε, βροχημάτων ὁμιλῶ, κατὰ ἡμῶν βλαπτοντες, καὶ κερυζοτες ἡμῶν γυν. κ. π. λ.

But superfluities ought not to be ridiculed where there is so much of substantial value, and we once more declare that Dr. S.'s notes are a magazine of information to those who shall hereafter have occasion to direct their researches to the history of the Roman republic in its decline. One particular respecting these notes, though of inferior moment, ought not to pass unobserved, which is, the very inconvenient way in which the translator introduces his quotations. Immediately after his own remarks he proceeds, without any warning to his reader, to translate a passage of Cicero, or some ancient author, which the reader in course mistakes for a continuation of the preceding strictures, until at the end the passage itself or a reference to it occurs to undeceive him.

But it is high time to turn our attention to the translation itself. As we have remarked before, it contains rather too much of that adscititious decoration and florid amplification of the original which is grown into fashion. Dr. S. in his preface, justifies his freedom in this respect on the principles laid down in the ingenious essay of lord Woodhouselee. But we conceive the *panni adsuti* of Dr. S. do not always sufficiently blend and harmonize with the main piece. Sallust's style is nervous and pointed, but remarkably terse and pure. Dr. S. is often ornamented to excess, rich to a degree of luxuriance, and in a word, the very reverse of what may be termed a *neat* style. What is stated by Sallust in plain language as a plain fact becomes heightened in his translator's hands into language unseasonably strong and metaphorical. In proof of our assertions take an example or two.

When Metellus tampers with Bomilcar, and urges him to betray his master, Sallust tells us that 'he easily prevailed on the Numidian, in consequence not only of that natural inclination to perfidy which he possessed in common with the rest of his nation, but of his private apprehensions lest, if peace should be concluded with the Romans, he himself should by the stipulations be surrendered up to justice.' We do not pretend to give an unobjectionable translation of the passage; but such is the plain matter-of-fact manner in which the circumstance is told by Sallust. Now hear Dr. S.

'The agreement was struck without delay. The Numidian, besides the perfidious genius of his country, justly apprehended, that, were the king induced to conclude a peace with the Romans, he himself, in all likelihood, would be marked out as a victim, and his blood be the sacrifice that would seal the treaty.' Vol. II. p. 417.

In the Catilinarian war we have the following remark upon

the profligacy of the Roman youth : 'Animus, imbutus malis artibus, haud facile lubricinibus carebat ; eò profusius omnibus modis quæstui atque sumptui deditus erat.' This is strong and spirited ; but it hardly authorizes the translator's poetical imagery :

'When a dereliction of principle is once admitted into the mind, vice and sensuality naturally enter at the breach. In their train come riot and dissipation and wild extravagance, with no anxiety except for the means of ministering to their support.' p. 18.

The simple, but expressive, sentence, (*opulentia negligentiam tolerabat*) in Cato's speech, is thrown into the form of a hacknied metaphor thus : 'while the vessel of the state went steadily forward : the calmness of the sea might in some measure admit the inattention of the pilot.' p. 74.

We have given ourselves but little trouble in searching for the above instances : perhaps we have not been very happy in our selection. But they will serve well enough as individual samples of a species. We will only add that in the course of comparing the Latin and English together, which we have done with much care through the Jugurthine and Catilinarian wars, we remember to have been very frequently disgusted with these unnecessary attempts to improve upon the original ; attempts the less excusable, because Sallust is an author who never flags or faints : if any thing, he is too uniformly fond of abrupt and rugged strength.

Sometimes, but not often, Dr. S. offends by the introduction of colloquial solecisms and vulgar phrases. In p. 381. to give the force of '*missitare supplicantes legatos*,' he has, '*deputies on the heels of one another*, were continually dispatched to Aulus,' &c. At the end of the Catilinarian war, the veteran ranks are said to be *sorely thinned*. In p. 68. we meet with the ungrammatical expression '*Was you*' for *were you* ?

'*Quasi verò mali atque scelesti tantummodò in urbe*, &c.' is certainly a strong sarcasm in Cato's admirable speech. But in the following translation it seems caricatured, and the proud stoic is made to descend to a familiar jocularity, ill-befitting his own dignity or that of his hearers. 'But I would demand of Cæsar, by what right the city of Rome shall thus monopolize the whole vice of Italy, and the municipal towns be denied their share ? If their pretensions be admitted.' &c.

We shall now mention promiscuously a few passages in which the translator has failed of giving the precise meaning of his original, and we shall mention them not as mate-

rially affecting the merit of the volumes before us, but rather indeed to testify our sense of their merit. For that which is not good upon the whole, does not deserve the attention of partial corrections.

Magistratus et imperia—'the honours of the magistracy and high command,' is hardly rendered with sufficient precision. It should have been rendered—'the honours of *civil* magistracy or *military* command.'

When Metellus first arrives in Africa to take the command of the army, he finds the soldiery in a state of the highest licentiousness and insubordination.

'Statuit tamen Metellus (says Sallust), quamquam et æstivorum tempus comitiorum mora imminuerat, et expectatione eventûs civium animos intentos putabat, non priûs bellum attingere, quàm majorum disciplinâ milites laborare coegisset.'

Dr. S. translates it thus:

'In consequence of the delay which had attended the elections, the summer was far advanced; and he was aware that at Rome the whole city was erect with expectation as to the issue of the campaign. For these reasons he determined to proceed with caution, and avoid hazarding an action, until, by a course of duty and manly exercise, he should wean the soldiers from their dissolute manners, and be able to restore the antient discipline of the camp.' p. 391.

It was not in consequence, but in spite, of the advanced state of the season and the impatient expectations at Rome, that Métellus resolved to defer his military enterprises until he should have brought back his army to a state of order and discipline. And here is an instance of what we before stated, the difficulty of habitually departing from the construction of the original, without sometimes garbling the sense.

'Forum rerum venalium totius regni maxumè celebratum,' in the description of Vacca, is rendered, 'in all the kingdom the most celebrated mart of trade.' Here *mart of trade* sounds tautological, and the word *celebrated* does not communicate to the unlearned ear the meaning of *celebratum*. The most frequented mart would have been shorter and better.

In the siege of Zama, 'evadere alii, alii succedere,' is erroneously rendered, 'some attacking and retiring, while others supplied their place.' The meaning of the original is merely this, that some mounted the ramparts, while others hastened to their support. The word *evado* is used in the same sense in another passage of the Jugurthine war: *ad- vorso colle, sicuti præceptum fuerit, evadunt*.

In the hortatory address of Metellus to his men before the attack on Vacca, 'prædam benigne ostentat' is falsely rendered, 'he took care to add in a soothing strain that the

plunder of the place should reward their labours.' The word *benignè*, which Dr. S. probably intended to translate by the words printed in italics, is to be taken with *prædam* (*furturam* being understood), and signifies in *abundance*. 'Abnuentes omnia,' a few lines above this, means, we conceive, not as Dr. S. renders it, 'refusing to advance beyond the spot,' but merely fainting with fatigue, *calling off*, as the vulgar term is, in Greek ἀπεγορευόντες. P. 427.

The natives of Mauritania are sometimes called the Mauri, and sometimes the Moors. One or the other should have been adhered to, and perhaps the former in preference.

Of Zama Sallust says, 'Id oppidum in campo situm, magis opere, quàm natura munitum erat.' Dr. S. has through inadvertency strangely reversed the sense. 'That city (says he) was built upon a plain. It was fortified by *nature rather than by art*.' p. 411.

We will only trespass upon the patience of the reader with a correction or two in the Catilinarian war. Does *repulse* carry to the English reader's ear the full meaning of *repulsa* in Latin, that is, the rejection of the pretensions of a candidate for some office in the gift of the people? Sallust tells us of a report which prevailed that the arch-conspirator in one of his cabals handed round among the accomplices of his plot a bowl of wine mixed with human blood, adding that he did it—'quo inter se magis fidi forent, alius alii tanti facinoris conscii;' i. e. according to Dr. S. 'he gave them to understand, that it was to impress their minds with a solemn reverence, and thereby draw together more closely the ties of a union, which had for its object a design so vast and daring.'—He seems to have mistaken the sense of the concluding words cited above. The fact is thus: Catiline told them he had done it with a view of attaching them more firmly to one another, from a mutual consciousness of having joined in committing such an outrage on human feelings. Again, soon after, 'the election of Cicero and his colleague to the consulship,' says Dr. S. 'was *the first severe blow* sustained by the accomplices in the conspiracy.' It is a matter of no great importance, but the meaning of the original is 'this circumstance *at first* threw a damp upon the hopes of the conspirators.'

If the reader thinks us too minute in our reprehensions, he must recollect that the translator professes to present the public with a book that may be introduced with advantage into our schools and seminaries to assist the young student in the useful task of *double translation*. As such, it ought surely to be unobjectionable both as to style and accuracy.

But one thing remains still to be mentioned. Dr. S. in

his translation of those parts of his author, which treat of military affairs, runs rather too much into what he calls *technical* translation, that is, the adaptation of modern terms in tactics, &c. to ancient circumstances. What in Sallust is expressed in general terms, and in a manner intelligible enough to common readers, is here drawn out into particulars, and clothed in the language of a drill-serjeant. Had uncle Toby and corporal Trim laid their heads together to translate Sallust, they could not have exceeded Dr. S. in technical minuteness on subjects of tactics. It is true we are metamorphosed into a military nation; but it is not desirable for our literary performances (as the play expresses it) to smell too strong of the shop.

After all these exceptions (and where is the work to which exceptions may not be made?) there remains behind much sterling merit in the volumes before us, and we shall be glad to hail their contents again shortly in a humbler and less costly form. With the correction of a few errors, and the retrenchment of a few exuberances in the translation itself, and a little compression and curtailment of the notes, Dr. S. may easily render his work at the same time of less price and of more value.

ART. IV.—*The Apocalypse, or Revelation of St. John, translated, with Notes, critical and explanatory; to which is prefixed, a Dissertation on the Divine Origin of the Book; in Answer to the Objections of the late Professor J. D. Michaelis. By John Chappel Woodhouse, M.A. Archdeacon of Salop. Large 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

IF we suppose the Apocalypse, or Revelation which is ascribed to St. John, to contain, as some commentators argue, a prophetic history of the state and fortunes of the Christian church from the earliest periods to the consummation of all things, there can certainly be no book in the New Testament of more momentous and universal interest. Such a work too must be considered as containing the most indubitable because a permanently miraculous proof of the truth of Christianity. For, a prediction of such wide extent, and embracing the vicissitudes of the Gospel and of its professors amid so many nations, and for such a succession of ages, must be regarded as a standing miracle. In considering therefore this mysterious book, the first question which occurs, and on the determination of which its interest and importance entirely depend, is, whether it be the inspiration of God or the forgery of man. This ques-

tion can be decided only by the careful examination of the evidence; and, after maturely weighing and opposing probabilities, by shewing on which side rests the preponderance of proof. The evidence divides itself into the external and internal; that which is founded on the testimony, and that which is furnished by the contents of the book. Mr. Woodhouse has commented at large on both these species of evidence, and though we may not accede to the inference which he has drawn from the examination of the proofs, we are willing to pay every tribute of applause to the candour and the moderation with which he has conducted the controversy. He has none of the bitterness of a polemic, and throughout his remarks we observe the urbanity of a scholar, and the charity of a Christian.

It is well known to the readers of ecclesiastical history that the Apocalypse has long been considered as a book of doubtful authority; that both the person by whom and the time when it was written, are matters of great uncertainty; that Eusebius, after the most inquisitive search, and at a time when many helps were extant towards the discovery, which are now irreparably lost, could discover nothing certain in respect to this mysterious book. Indeed, however much we may be willing to concede to the advocates for the divine original of the Apocalypse, they cannot but allow that the evidence in its favour is very different in the degree of credibility from that which may be adduced in support of the acts of the apostles, the epistles of St. Paul, the first epistle of St. Peter, and the first epistle of St. John. To us, who have examined the subject with strict impartiality, and biassed in favour only of the truth to whichever side it might incline, it appears that the external proof by no means warrants us in believing the work to be the genuine production of St. John.

But the internal evidence has always appeared to us the most proper to decide the momentous question; for a really prophetic book, the contents of which are not the production of erring man, but of the omniscient mind, will furnish its own proof. It needs not the adventitious support of external testimony. It will declare its own truth with a voice which is divine. Every page will bear the marks of more than human knowledge; and the impress of celestial truth will be too strong to be gainsaid, and too clear to be mistaken. But does the Apocalypse bear marks of a divine original? Are the characteristic features of a supernatural agency thus irresistibly striking, thus luminously clear? We have little hesitation in answering, No!

First, if the book, as it is stated by its advocates, do con-

tain predictions of the state and fortunes of the Christian church from the earliest periods to the end of time, it must at first sight strike us as very extraordinary, that there is no one event out of the vast mass of occurrences which are said to be the object of the prophecy, that is distinctly marked by the characters of time, place, and circumstance. Thus accordingly there is no part of the prophecy which is susceptible of a distinct and definite application. There is no part of the whole which is determinate and clear. There is no part which may not be referred to twenty different events, and all with equal shew of truth. This very accommodating nature of these supposed predictions is in itself a strong argument against their truth.

Prophecy may be considered as the history of an event before it takes place, but so marked with distinctive circumstances, that though it may be obscure before, it is so clear after the completion, as not to be susceptible of an endless diversity of applications. It is so identified with the event which it presignifies, that the likeness cannot be mistaken. The resemblance is not vague, general, and indefinite, but characteristic and particular. Of prophecies which are confessedly divine, this is the nature and the character. If we examine the several predictions of our Lord himself, we shall find that they were so clear and so marked by distinctive circumstances, as not to be very liable to be mistaken before the event, but to be so clear after the completion as not to admit of a double or ambiguous application. Our Lord frequently during his ministry foretold his death and resurrection; and though the apprehensions of his disciples, which were perverted and obscured by accumulated prejudices, were so gross as not clearly to anticipate the meaning of his prophetic declarations, yet after they were illustrated by the completion they could no longer doubt about the exact appropriation of the particular prophecy to the particular event. There was an individuality and distinctness in the prediction, which any longer prevented ambiguity. When our Lord foretold the apostacy of Peter, he spoke in terms too plain and intelligible to be mistaken. The time, manner, and circumstance were distinctly expressed. 'I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt three times deny me.' But of all the prophecies of our Lord, the most definite, forcible, and clear, is that respecting the destruction of Jerusalem, in which we have a literal specification of time, place, and circumstance, an enumeration of particulars, which makes it appear like the narrative of one who was present at the scene. But is there any one prophecy in the whole book of Revelations

which can at all be compared with this in the distinctive marks of time, place, and circumstance ; or, in short, in any of the genuine and unambiguous features of prophetic inspiration ? Though of those prophecies which are indubitably divine, the majority have been clear before, yet there is not one which has not been too clear to be mistaken after the completion. For to suppose any prophecy to be as obscure and ambiguous after the completion as it was before, is to supersede its use. We request the advocates for the divine authority of the Apocalypse to attend to these remarks, which are produced by a sober consideration of the subject, and a pure and disinterested regard for truth.

If the end of prophecy were to prove the prescience of God, we may ask how could that prescience be proved by oracles so equivocal and obscure, as to be susceptible of an hundred different interpretations, and to have any meaning whatever, or no meaning at all ? Does not such ambiguity of expression, such variety of application, and versatility of resemblance, look more like the work of human artifice than of a supernatural inspiration ? If prophecy be designed as a potent auxiliary to the evidences of revelation, to illustrate and to strengthen the truth of Christianity, we may ask how could those evidences be increased, or that truth established by predictions which are so doubtfully expressed, and of which the symbols and the imagery are so void of any determinate, distinct, or characteristic traits, that they rather perplex than instruct, rather engender doubt than produce conviction ?

Before we can determine the drift or the completion of any prophecy, it is necessary that we should be able to determine what it really means. But how can we determine what that means, which has either no meaning in itself, or which is so vague and indefinite, that it may have any meaning which caprice, which prejudice, or ignorance may dictate ? In reading the host of commentators who have written on the Apocalypse, we agree with Michaelis in thinking that each is right as far as he asserts all the others to be wrong. Nothing like a clear and satisfactory exposition of this cloudy panorama of visions has yet been seen. Indeed, how can we expect a clear and luminous explanation of a book which is so impenetrably ambiguous and obscure ? Even the genius, the penetration, and the learning of Sir Isaac Newton were unequal to the task. Whoever may have been the author of the book of Revelations, it seems evident from the perusal that he was a man of rich and fervid imagination, well versed in the symbolical imagery which is found in the prophetic visions of Daniel and Eze-

liel. Of this he has made a copious use; but it must be allowed that he has adapted it to his purpose with considerable taste and skill. In whatever light we may consider the vision itself, it must be confessed that there is something striking in the delineation and grand in the effect. We will venture to suggest that if ever any clue be found for the rational explanation of this, it must be sought in the history of the times immediately preceding or contemporary with the publication? Does it appear probable that it was written in a period of persecution? Does the author draw a metaphorical and exaggerated picture of the persecutions which had preceded the times in which he wrote, but in which, at the conclusion, he comforts the sufferers of the present and the past by a splendid perspective of a happier æra, in which the saints were to inhabit the new Jerusalem, when the persecutors were to cease, and the persecuted to be avenged?

It is not a little remarkable that in an age when critical research was much less common than at present, Luther was convinced, chiefly from the internal evidence, that the Apocalypse was not of divine original. The expressions which he employs in speaking of it show the strength of this persuasion. He says that 'he puts it almost in the same rank with the fourth book of Esdras, and cannot any way find that it was dictated by the Holy Ghost.' 'Besides,' said he, 'I think it too much that in his own book, more than in any other of the holy books, which are of much greater importance, he (the author) commands and threatens that if any man shall take away from the words of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life;' (a declaration which appears to us not only presumptuous, but to afford no uncertain indication that the author, conscious of the weakness of his own prophetic pretensions; wished to supply the defect of his claims by confidence of assertion,) 'and moreover declares that he who keepeth the words of this book shall be blessed, though no one is able to understand what they are, much less to keep them,' &c. (See Marsh's *Michaelis*, vol. iv. 458.) Luther's remarks on this subject are very rational and acute. On the opinion of Michaelis himself, the most learned and industrious theologue of the 18th century, it is needless to make any observations. It is well known that after the most impartial and laborious examination of the evidence on both sides, he could by no means acquiesce in the divine authority of the Apocalypse. There are some persons so prepossessed in favour of this mysterious composition, that they revile without charity and moderation, those who are constrained only by the weight of proof and the

force of argument to deny its claims to celestial inspiration. They perhaps fondly imagine that the truth of christianity is identified with the high pretensions of the Apocalypse. They do not remember that the divine mission of Jesus may be supported by proofs, which greatly exceed any that can be produced in support of the divine authority of this ambiguous production, in number, in lustre, and in force. The truth of the Gospel is founded on a rock, which can derive no increase of strength from the artificial buttresses of imposture. Christianity stands immoveable on its own eternal base; and the structure will only appear the more solid and resplendent, when it has been cleared from the rubbish which artifice or ignorance, which blind superstition, or designing craft have heaped around it.

We shall now present our readers with a short specimen of Mr. Woodhouse's translation and notes. The former differs from the common version, chiefly in a more literal adherence to the original, but on the whole we give the preference to the common version. The latter display no very striking marks of superior sagacity or erudition; they are not however disgraced, like many of the commentaries on the Apocalypse, by fanciful and absurd interpretations. The part which we shall select for quotation, is section v. the opening of the third seal, not because it contains any thing very striking, but because it is brief. Chapter vi. verse 5, 6.

Woodhouse.

5 'And when he opened the third seal, I heard the third living creature saying, 'Come.' [and I beheld,] and lo! a black horse! and he that sat on him having a yoke in his hand: 6. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four living creatures, saying, 'a chænix of wheat for a denarius, and three chænixes of barley for a denarius; and the oil and the wine thou may'st not injure.'

Old Version.

5 'And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld and lo! a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. 6. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny; and three measures of barley for a penny, and see that thou hurt not the oil and the wine.'

5. *Lo! a black-horse.* 'Another change,' says Mr. Woodhouse, 'now ensues, still for the worse; by a colour the very opposite to *white*; a colour denoting mourning and woe, darkness and ignorance. What a change in this pure and heavenly religion! but history will shew that christianity, as professed and practised on earth, underwent this change.' On the words in his translation '*having a yoke in his hand*,' which the common version renders '*a pair of balances*,' &c. Mr. Woodhouse makes a note which is longer than we have space to

insert, in order to shew that the word ζυγόν in the original does not in this place signify a *balance* but a *yoke*. The word *yoke* certainly better agrees with the interpretation which Mr. Woodhouse affixes to the passage, who supposes it to indicate the mass of senseless superstitions, with which christianity was oppressed, and which he denominates the '*papal yoke*.' But it appears to us that there is no allusion whatever in this place to the yoke of popery or of Mahomedism, but that the author is employing imagery characteristic of a great dearth, when bread would be so scarce that the scanty pittance which each person received for his support was carefully weighed out to him by the magistrate or master of the family. The word ζυγόν therefore in this place means '*trutina*' a balance or pair of scales, and is well adapted to the subject.

'*A chanix of wheat for a denarius, and three chanices of barley for a denarius, and the oil and the wine thou mayest not injure.*' On these words Mr. Woodhouse imparts to us this valuable piece of information, that '*wheat, barley, oil, and wine, were with the eastern nations of antiquity the main supports of life.*' To this the author adds another piece of intelligence equally recondite and profound, '*that under these terms (wheat, &c.) plenty is generally expressed. We beg leave to know when the idea of plenty is decomposed, how it can be done so naturally as by an enumeration of the means of subsistence which are principally included in the term?* Mr. Woodhouse proceeds; '*Now it is proclaimed from the throne, that during the progress of the black horse, how desolating soever, there shall be still a certain price at which wheat and barley may be bought, and a certain preservation of the more precious commodities, wine, and oil. These prices will be found to be very high, which infers great scarcity of the commodity. But still there is not to be an utter failure; they are to be purchased at some price.*' But by the words '*wheat, barley, wine, oil,*' Mr. W. does not understand, according to the most simple and most approved interpretation, any deficiency of physical subsistence, but of *spiritual nutrition*. Of this nutrition the reader will perhaps be able to extract something from the notes of Mr. Woodhouse, but he will often find it rather a plain article, not much elaborated by criticism, refined by sagacity, or enriched by erudition.

ART. V.—*Miscellaneous Poetry. By the Honourable William Herbert. 8vo. 2 vols. Longman. 1806.*

AT a time when the ports of southern Europe are shut against us, and when a just fear is entertained that the north may be compelled to acquiesce in our exclusion, Mr.

Herbert, to prevent the ill consequences of this measure, has from time to time been importing from that quarter a variety of articles, quite sufficient for our consumption until we may regain our former footing. He has, with great labour, perseverance, and hardihood, unshipped on the coasts of this our proscribed island a store of cumbrous commodities, which from their heaviness and clumsy texture should rather have been taken on board his vessel as ballast, than as goods saleable either from their utility or ornament. They resemble lead in their weight, and incapability of receiving a polish. In malleability they are far inferior to that metal, as we defy all the hammering in the world to beat them into any shape. But even supposing them to be plumbeous, is not the translator convinced that there is lead enough to be found every where in the united kingdom, and that if we must be treated with nonsense, a cap and bells, or one of feathers, in short any thing that is light, airy, elastic and laughable, is preferable to such recondite, grave, and serious trifling as that which he has here presented for our amusement? This gentleman stood very high at Eton and Oxford for his classical attainments. There is a time when the boy should be laid aside; when the name of bright and clever lavished by the juniors, and the honours conferred by the seniors of schools and universities become suspected; and he who has a mind will wish to try its strength, not against a few persons of the same opinions and habits as his own, and whom he has always foiled at their own weapons, but against those who have attained to eminence in the more expanded circle of the world. Our author accordingly ventured on ground nearly untrodden, and if mere eccentricity were a test of merit, would certainly claim a distinguished rank.

It would be perilous and invidious to discourage learning. The utmost that can be done is to direct a thirst for it to fountains from whence we may drink deep without danger. There is one remark, however, which we can by no means forbear, suggested as it is by the great abilities and greater attainments of the author before us. The desire and aptitude for general excellence are seldom indicative of great superiority in any one line. Genius is soon prepossessed in favour of one or two objects on which it employs itself; giving and receiving light. Mr. Herbert, to a rare and unusual intimacy with two ancient languages, adds the knowledge of Spanish, Italian, French, German, Danish, and Icelandic tongues. In days of old he could have discoursed with the natives who dwelt on the banks of the Cephissus or the Tiber; in modern days he might be the citizen of almost any country in Europe, and a scholar in all. From his known character, it may be taken for granted, that he is

not merely a novice, but that he has thoroughly attained to all the objects to which he has directed his attention. The power of ranging through a field so wide, could not have been procured at his time of life, but by absolute devotion to study. His desire appears to have been knowledge in the gross; his affections divided among such a variety, seem weak and undetermined. We are therefore not to look for any bold, decisive character in his compositions; his writings possess no originality, but, like their author, they are of all climates indiscriminately. The same might be said of the works of the great Sir William Jones, whose zeal for knowledge surmounted every obstacle; to whose stores, languages and science were alike tributary. No man was more 'natus rebus agendis,' than that illustrious character, and in no man was such a rare assemblage of talents united, and matured by cultivation. But, excepting in their utility, his writings display no feature of greatness. The universality of his attainments allowed him no room for that strong preference, which gives a tinge, a cast of character to writings. All the stamp of originality is effaced by collision. His manner (for it cannot be called style) is easy and inoffensive; there is nothing so said, as to take root in the memory, and to obtrude itself without effort on occasions requiring something more than the usual energy of language. He was the greatest learner, and probably the most learned man on record.

It is by no means intended to compare our author with him who digested the Hindoo laws, beyond the two points in which they seem to coincide, viz. a strong and insatiable passion for literature without any particular bias or prepossession, which would of itself produce the consequent similarity in their works which has been just noticed, that of their having no marked feature. Here however all comparison must end; for it would be a profanation to place the specimens of Icelandic poetry with those naturalized from the Persic and Arabic by the great man above-mentioned, either in point of selection or execution. Indeed, the selection must be supposed small enough from the nature of the subjects, and more particularly from the nature of those saturnine children of the pole, whose words (for they cannot be termed thoughts) have been presented to the English public in our own language.

There is no greater regret than that which we feel on being convinced that our long and laborious attention has been applied in obtaining an object of no value in itself. It is by no means implied that our translator has failed in the aim of his ambition. He has directed his attention to learning

the words of European languages. He has learned them. His poems are 'words, words, words.' An idea is hardly to be found in a volume. It would be difficult to say which of the two was in possession of the most valuable secret, the mountebank of old who by long and unremitting practice had learned to shoot pease through the eye of a needle, or the proficient in Icelandic literature. This may seem presumption in those who, like ourselves, are ignorant of that Hyperborean language. But we have a right to judge from the specimens here offered to notice, which are of course selected as the very best. In translations from languages within our reach, a comparison might be made between the original and the version. But criticism must here confine itself solely to the consideration of what degree of value is to be attached to the ideas, images, and descriptions as it finds them in an English dress. And here the 'labor ineptiarum' is woefully apparent. Every thing is repulsive, dull, and inanimate.

It would be vain and extravagant to suppose that any treasures in the north, of equal richness with those to be found in more genial regions, were hoarded up to this late day unexplored or undervalued. But from the land of fiery and roaring mountains, of boiling cataracts and of snowy wilds, where rumblings are heard beneath, where caverns yawn dark and bottomless, we had expected some wildness at least, some barbarous grandeur, some mysterious horror occasionally in the sentiment or description. But the land seems to have communicated to her children nothing but the coldness of their mother. Their literature presents a prospect barren without wildness, rude without sublimity, neither promising pleasure, nor inspiring terror. It is a flat, bleak, and 'idle desart, defended hitherto by its poverty from invasion. Mr. Herbert, however, has invaded it, and borne off the hips and haws from its naked and stripped hedges. He has made the language his study, and writes it; and he who has laboured hard to gain an object, will not easily be induced to undervalue what he has with difficulty mastered.

The book commences with an ode in the Icelandic language addressed to a friend at Copenhagen. Of the matter and manner of this ode no opinion can be formed. It has never fallen to our lot to hear the language pronounced; but from the quotations frequent in this book, the words appear to be of a finer texture, less clogged with consonants, and with a far greater proportion of liquids than the German. The termination in the vowels *a* and *i* is frequent; and some words promise from their component letters a sound not unlike the Italian. In comparing the space oc-

cupied by a literal prose translation with its original in p. 64, the Icelandic appears to be the closer language. The first translation is entitled the Song of Thrym on the recovery of the hammer. Instead of a thunderbolt, Thor, the pagan Jupiter is furnished with a hammer, and even here the niggard imagination of the natives is apparent. They not only venerated a god, armed like a blacksmith or carpenter, but they even stinted this hammer to 'seven spans, as the length of a moderate sceptre requires.' The lovers of what is termed simplicity may admire the verses, and there are some antiquaries who might relish the rust of this poem.

Thor, the most powerful god of the Norwegians, and the son of earth, had lost his hammer during sleep. On waking he dispatches Loke, the son of Laufey or Laufeyia, one of the Asi, in quest of it. This messenger posts to Freyia, the daughter of Niorder of the nation of the Vani, for a winged robe to seek the hammer round the world. Borne on this magic robe, he reaches the Jotunheim bounds, where

'High on a mound of lofty state
Thrym, the king of the Thursi sat,
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.'

Thrym owned to the theft, and with unparalleled audacity refuses to return the property until Freyia shall be brought to share his bed. After much deliberation on this answer from the giant king among the Asi and Asiniæ, the gods and their wives and daughters, and after the positive refusal of the offended and blushing Freyia to expose her necklace and her charms to the roguery and libertine passion of Thrym, Heimdallar, like a mery wag as he is, proposes that Thor should go in masquerade to the land of the giant king, and get his hammer by stratagem. Accordingly, the whole green room of the immortals fairly and softly begin the metamorphosis of Thor into a female. The latter, however, is highly indignant at the thoughts of wearing a petticoat, but becomes pacified on hearing that he was in danger of losing his kingdom if he failed to regain his hammer. He submits to the operation,—

'Then busk'd they Thor, as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear,
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hung down to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high, and quaintly braid his hair.'

On rising from the toilet he sets off with his trusty Loke, who seems to be the Mercury of the Norwegians, for the land of Thrym, who is sighing hot as furnace for the arrival of the real Freyia. The ill-fated unsuspecting giant is delighted at the supposed coming of the lady; and as if convinced that 'sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus,' he gives an entertainment equally remarkable for the delicacy of the viands and generosity of the host. The master of the feast fixes his eyes on the fair Freyia, as he vainly imagines. Meanwhile the lady visitor, to recruit her spirits after the fatigue of so long a journey,

'——ate alone

Eight salmons, and an ox full grown,
And all the cates on which women feed,
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead.'

Thrym, by no means a niggard of his cheer to the fair guest, is at length quite scandalized at her appetite. Loke, however, informs him that she had not broke bread for eight days and nights from the most delicate of all reasons, her eagerness to consummate the marriage. The giant lover then assays to salute those beauties which the veil might keep concealed from sight. But on lifting it up, full of amorous raptures and hopes, he discovers on the supposed fair-one a look so dire, that horror soon took place of softer emotions. Loke satisfies him that want of sleep, occasioned also by longing for the marriage rites, had brought on that grimness of visage. The giant's sister, an avaricious lady, wishes for Freyia's rings of gold. Thrym now orders the hammer to be surrendered to the maid, and must doubtless have been astonished at seeing the lovely creature arise and lay about her with it so lustily. The fair visitor becomes now pretty generally known and felt, and whatever might have been the force of her charms, that of her hammer is undisputed.

'The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed;
Thrym first the king of the Thursi he slew,
And slaughter'd all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who pray'd for bridal gifts so bold.
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.'

The prelude to the descent of Odin is among these pieces. The opening to the song of Asbiorn approaches the nearest to feeling, but like every Icelandic, it soon freezes, and

should this not succeed, the story of Gunlang and Rafen will not fail to make any man blow his fingers in July. In the song of Hroke the Black, the translator departs from his usual placid demeanor, and in assuming the character of bold, he becomes rash. For what is it but the summit of imprudence to risque such words as 'haried,' 'garr'd,' 'wighty,' 'gars' and 'kepps'? Our old friends Gondul and Skogul, with whom we became acquainted in the Tales of Wonder, are here tricked out anew. But their manners are not bettered, and their company is now absolutely insupportable. Our author digs deep in quest of the very roots of words; and is often contented with the *quasi* of the Lexicographers :

'From *are* I believe our word *eyrie* is deriyed ; Johnson derives it from *ey*, an egg, properly *ei*, German : but I do not believe there is a word in the English language (unless very modern) of German origin, and the Germans have no word to express *eyrie*, which in French is spelt *aire*. In Anglo Sax. *æg* is an egg ; in Icel. *egg* ; in Galic *ubh*, or *ugh*. *Ey* is an island in Icel. The words, which we have in common with the Germans, are not borrowed from them, but drawn from a higher source.'

He reminds us of that profound etymologist who derived the name of Mr. Jeremiah King, a gentleman of the first respectability, from the word cucumber, by the following process—Jeremiah King, Jerremy King, Jerryking, Jerkin (corrupted by use into gherkin) cucumber.

The song of Harold the Valiant was translated by Mason, and has found its way into some notice through the medium of a glee, the music of which is worthy of the words, and the words of the music, the total value of both summed up amounting to nothing. We subjoin a literal translation of the original by Mr. Herbert, who accuses his predecessor of having departed from the sense of the original.

'The ship sailed wide round Sicily. Then we were magnificent. The brown winged stag (*i. e.* ship) glided well according to our hopes under the youths. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin. Hence the maid of the gold ring in Russia consents to embrace me.

'Such was the conflict, that the men of Trondhiem, they had the largest host. That fight, which we executed, was certainly terrible. Young I was separated from the young king fallen in stour, &c.

'Together sixteen we worked the pump, when the tide waxed, (the sea rushed into the laden planks) on four benches. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin, &c.

'I ken eight exercises. Ninepins ; (*Quære*.)—I can array an army ; strong in working at the forge ; I am keen on horseback ;

I have sometimes taken the sound ; (as we say, to take the water ;)
I can slide on skates : I shoot and row, so as to be useful, &c.

‘ But nor widow nor young maid may (*deny*) that we were (where
we made the clash of swords) southward in the city at morning.
We were reddened round with weapons. Those works are notori-
ous, &c.

‘ I was born, where the Uplanders bend the bow ; now I let my
war-ship, hated by the countrymen, kiss the breakers. Wide at a
distance from men have I frequented the abode of islands, (*i. e. the
sea*) with my ship, &c.’

From materials so very unpromising our author has made
the following poem, which appears to us superior to any of the
preceding from some degree of interest excited by the des-
cription of a rude life, which imposed on the sameman the ne-
cessity of being skilled in all those exercises which enable him
to trust to his own means for defence, food, and raiment—
It is besides more intelligible than the foregoing odes, and
is free from allusions to gods and mortals of no impor-
tance.

‘ My bark around Sicilia sail’d ;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong :
The winged ship by youths impell’d
Skimm’d (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield !
With golden ring in Russia’s land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

‘ Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem’s heath ;
I saw her sons to battle move ;
Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove.
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia’s land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

‘ With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious wax’d the tide ;
O’er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia’s land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken ; the sportive game,
The war array, the sabrile art ;
With fearless breast the waves I stem ;
I press the steed ; I cast the dart ;

O'er ice on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide,
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

' Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day !
What falchions sounded through their halls !
What blood distain'd each weighty spear !
Those feats are famous far and near !
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

' Where snow-clad uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong ;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foam'd,
Far from the tread of man I roam'd.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.'

In the note on the discovery of Iceland is much curious conjecture on the Thule of the antients, which our author thinks most probable to have been a part of Norway, 'which still bears the name of Thyle-mark, where the traces of Phœnician commerce are visible ; where great mines had been dug, and forests felled ; a period so early that no account appears of it in the old histories, and at a time when the rude and ignorant natives could not easily have performed works of such magnitude.' And again, after an interesting description of the first colonists, 'the names of all the early settlers in Iceland, and the spots which they occupied, were carefully recorded ; and the Icelanders of the present day can trace their pedigrees up to the ninth century with tolerable certainty.'

We took our leave of the dreary Iceland and its poetry without regret, in hopes, how fond, and how delusive ! of meeting something more worthy our attention in the exotics of more happy climes. Our author appears tired with his Latin and Greek muses, who certainly are the associates of boys only. For although no scholar who knows how to appreciate the exhaustless treasures of the two antient languages, would cease to be a reader and admirer, yet few will be found, in a country with a language of its own adapted to all the purposes of vigorous or of soft expression, willing to write in any but his native tongue.

In a Latin *Vale* to a friend we find little to observe but

that the style is affected, the display of the names of places and rivers pedantic, and the costumes of antient and modern names confused without a reason in several instances. Thus between the antient names Thamesinus and Sabrinæ, he inserts the modern and unclassical name Humber for a Latin word, instead of Abus.

The Greek version of Ossian's Berrathon is, as all modern Greek versions ought to be, which have any pretension to correctness, a cento of words and phrases from Homer.

The translations are singularly dull and unmeaning; many of them are from authors of no consequence, the Cowper's, the Hayley's, and the Bowles', of Spain, Italy, and Germany. In the Epithalamium from the Italian of Parini, the double ending which occurs twice in every stanza; certainly without rhyme, and without a shadow of reason, is a wanton defiance of harmony.

In stanza v.

' To see her
Pour tenderest words of bashful love,'

is an oversight.

But what is this epithalamium in point of absurdity, when compared with the translation from the *Zaire* of Voltaire, done at full gallop!

' My God, I have fought sixty years for thy fame,
Seen thy temple demolished, and perish thy name;' &c.

the metre borrowed from

' A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,'

which, although conformable to the structure of the French language, is the most forcible conveyance of ridicule in the English.

The tribe of gentlemen authors, from the little trouble which they take in quest either of originality of thought or language, appear to consider poetry merely as an accomplishment, and that to limit their words to a certain number of syllables, with a regular, or even an irregular recurrence of rhyme, and the selection of a few words not ordinarily found in common conversation or familiar writing, is composing at least gentlemanly poetry. There can be no objection to an innocent and childish pastime, provided it be confined strictly to a circle rich enough to be exempt from the bad effects of mispending their time. But when gentlemen obtrude their levities on the world, it becomes pretty evident that they are candidates for fame, and it is equally evident that if encouragement be given to these forward children of parents blind to their faults, the press would teem with abortions.

No antient author is so frequently referred to as Horace. Nay, we do not believe that the amount of current quotations from all the authors antient and modern combined, equal in number and utility those extracted from Horace alone. This originates in the variety of subjects on which he treats, and more especially in that bold, figurative, and appropriate language which adapts itself exclusively to every successive subject. He seldom if ever deals in general expressions. It is inconceivable, why so many versifiers who deal in nothing else, should have the heart to attempt him. Some of his odes owe their celebrity almost entirely to their choiceness of diction. We will instance this in one of his most admired,

Quis multâ gracilis, &c.

or as we have seen it suggested,

Qui multâ gracilis, &c.

which gives a new spirit to the whole ode. Here is nothing striking in the thought; the phraseology, if not its only, is undoubtedly its highest claim to merit. Young poets, conscious only of the charm, and inattentive to the cause of it, reduce all those niceties of expression in which the secret excellence consists, into general and obvious language. While they attempt to grasp the body, which is too diminutive to be seen clearly, the subtle spirit has evaporated. To transfuse the thoughts and style of a foreign and antient poet into our native tongue, requires that the translator's mind should be in unison with his original, and in the choice of smaller pieces we generally decide from accident. The prominent feature of an ode presents itself to us in our own language, without any or with very little effort; and being pleased with having mastered the difficulty, and secured the characteristic beauty, we attempt the remainder. But what beauty, what character, what encouragement in the outset, middle, or end, could have goaded this gentleman into an effort to translate the '*Integer vitæ*'?

'That happy man, whose virtuous heart
Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear;

'Whether on shores that Ganges laves,
Or Syrtes' quivering sands among;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
In strange mæanders wind along.

' When free from care I dared to rove,
And Lalage inspired my lay,
A wolf within the Sabine grove
Fled wild from his defenceless prey.

' Such prodigy the Daunian bands
In their drear haunts shall never trace ;
Nor barren Libya's arid sands,
Rough parent of the lion race.

' O place me, where no verdure smiles,
No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around !

' Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
Uncheer'd by genial light of day!
Place me on Afric's burning sands,
Scorched by the sun's inclement ray !

' Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song ;
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.'

Where could have been the invitation to translate? Was it the matter of fact contained in the first stanza? Was it in the music of the genitives attached to words already ending in *s*, in the second stanza, by which the verse is very properly made to hiss its author? Was it the inelegant and ungrammatical omission of the article in

' Such prodigy the Daunian bands?'

Was it the common and uncharacteristic verbiage of the three last stanzas? Did Mr. H. really imagine that the gloomy picture of Horace,

Quod latus terræ nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget,

met with any representation in

*No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around ?*

or in the following?

' Place me on Thracia's frozen lands
Uncheer'd by genial light of day ;
Place me on Afric's burning sands
Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray.'

On the expressions ' varied scene,' ' beguile the eye,' ' murmuring rivulet,' ' genial light,' ' arid sands,' ' inclement ray,' &c. young ladies and amorous fellow-commoners at the universities, could say more than ourselves. Disarm poetry of these *façons de parler*, and it would be taken out of the hands of many a puny whipster. But there must have been some encouragement to our author in attempting this ode *invité Minerva*. The last stanza, which we think to have been written first, seems to be a clue which unravels the whole. Here it is—

' Love in my heart shall pain *beguile*,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song,
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.'

How surprized will the admirer of Lalage be to hear that instead of an encouragement, he should have considered this a positive end to all his hopes ! He appears to have been deceived by the seeming prettiness of the two last lines ; to give them a place he repeats the word *beguile*, that darling word of demi-poets, and fashions the whole stanza after his own conceit. Phillips had said

' Who hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.'

In saying this, although he departed entirely from the manner of Sappho, which indulges in no prettiness, he certainly excelled Catullus, and equalled Horace. This should have stopped the mouth of any one who had nothing better to substitute.

The admirers of Cowper will drivel with delight over the following overflowing of simplicity from Catullus :

' With mournful voice and faltering tongue,
With sweetly sympathetic moan,
Begin, ye loves, the funeral song !
The bird, my fair one's joy, is gone !

' The bird she nurs'd with anxious care,
And fondly cherish'd night and day
For never from the gentle fair
The little darling wish'd to stray.

' Now perch'd upon her graceful head
With frolic wing and warbling throat ;
Now on her snowy bosom laid
He sweetly tuned his artless note.

'Cold death, alas ! has clos'd his eyes
(With tears bedew his funeral urn !)
In those sad realms of night he lies,
Whence mortal beauties ne'er return.

'Ye barbarous fates, who love to crop
The prime of youth and beauty's flow'r,
Ah ! could ye not relenting stop
The furies of your cruel pow'r !

'Behold my fair one's swollen eyes
With tears of never ceasing grief !
Behold her bosom heave with sighs,
To heart-felt pangs the faint relief !

'Tis ye, that cause these tears to flow ;
'Tis ye, that cause that breast to heave ;
Your hands have oped the source of woe,
And doom'd my lovely nymph to grieve.'

Here are, besides, some original poems. Here is a song on the peace of Amiens, enough to put any one in good humour ; the weather is now (this 10th of January) wet and foggy. We the reviewers, who are doubtless assembled at our great round table in daily debate, begin to partake of the general gloom of the season. But as our wish is to keep up the spirits of the public, and to divert them from the calamities usually attending this hanging and drowning season, and having moreover very good natural voices ourselves, of which we feel ourselves not a little proud, we will, without waiting to be pressed, sing the two first stanzas of this song.

'Song on the Peace of Amiens.

'Our arms have thunder'd
And Europe has wonder'd
At trophies of valor by Britain display'd ;
But April expiring
Has heard the guns firing
To sound the sad fall of her glory and trade.

Here the counter-tenor was fit to kill himself with laughing, owing to the full bottom'd wig of Dr. ———, the reviewer of metaphysical tracts, slipping over his left eye in the extacy of one of the Doctor's very best shakes on the word *and*. After a severe reprimand from the Soprano, order being restored, we were enabled most clearly and harmoniously to chant as followeth :

'The power of France growing,]
All thrones to her bowing,

Our wealth to republican losses a prey ;
 Our trophies all faded,
 Tho' grossly paraded,
 The tackle which held us is all cut away.
 Sing rumty-iddle-dy, rumty-iddle-dy,
 rumty-iddle-dy, rowdy.'

The agitation occasioned by an excess of cheerfulness was followed by an accident that had well nigh put an end to our festivities. For while we were waving our ink-horns in singing the chorus *con spirito*, some of the black ingredients dropped out, and left an unseemly blur on the new, fawn-coloured, double milled, and striped kersey-mère breeches of the gentleman who beat time on the triangle. Here all was turbulence, which however subsiding at last into a pleasing melancholy at the damaged inexpressibles, with sad, plaintive, and tender voices we sung the song which will be found in p. 104. as one perfectly adapted to an occasion so serious. After having chanted thus melodiously, we were resolved to have some recitation, and then to express our gratitude for the evening's entertainment in a few concluding remarks. For the first part of our design we fixed on 'The Narrative of a true Story called William Lambert,' or nothing. This was most ably executed, and with extraordinary piquancy, by a gentleman who speaks to a miracle through his nose, and has withal a humming way with him. Having adjusted our wigs, many of which had fallen off, and some of which were turned the back-part before, owing to the festivities of this Arabian night's entertainment, we were enabled to proceed again to business, and to conclude our remarks. And first we observe that the author prefixes to his poems the date of the year in which he atchieved a deed of such hardihood. This led us to notice that the early poems are neither better nor worse than the latter, and in no respect differ from them, excepting that they are more excusable from being the indiscretions of youth. Our author wrote and printed long ago an ode to Hellebore, or nonsense, we forget which. No man who follows the bent of his genius will ever make a bad figure, and no man who baulks his natural propensity in favour of what is contradictory to his inclination, can ever make a good one. Mr. Herbert's ode drew forth this remark. In this ode the juvenile bard displayed such a thorough intimacy with the subject, and succeeded so eminently, that it is really surprising he should have deserted a cause to which he was a proselyte, and expatiated in the dangerous and profitless fields of sense.

The extended name of Mr. Herbert, the confidence just-

ly placed in his information, and the encouragements held out to him to become a poet, founded on seemingly good grounds, extorted from us the preceding remarks. He is an example of the inefficacy of mere learning to produce any work of merit, if strength of conception, and decided original powers be wanted to leaven the mass. The reviewer of this article, in turning his attention to the pages of prose and verse before him, to which all Europe has made contributions, lost and perplexed as he was in the dull and elaborate disorder, could not help exclaiming,

Quæ quibus anteferam, quæ prima aut ultima ponam ?

Mr. Herbert deprecates an unjust and unfounded attack made upon a trifling translation in the last series of the Critical Review, stating that it had been the vehicle for Jacobinism. He complains justly. Had the present conductor of the Review been concerned in it, he should have received ample redress for an assertion so very idle and unfounded. However hardly an author may feel himself dealt withal, the strictures of a reviewer should be confined merely to the work, without any reference to private character, provided the writer shews no disposition to give currency to bad principles. It should be remembered that in questions of religion and loyalty, the slightest breath will tarnish the fairest fame, will expose a man to a warfare with the artful, designing and stupid part of the community, who owe their rise to similar persecutions. If that scent be once given, the whole pack of fools, knaves and hypocrites are instantly unkenelled; they join in the hue and cry, and never give up the chase, until they have run down their victim. We know not what could have drawn from our predecessors a remark, which cannot be supported by a single word or thought contained in the volumes before us; but we are sincerely happy in bearing testimony to the validity of our author's claims to loyalty and patriotism.

ART. VI. *A descriptive Tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in the Autumn of 1804.* 8vo. Ostell, 1806.

IT would be no easy task to enumerate all the varieties of character among that portion of human existence, which during the genial season of summer, is employed in forcing its way through the opposing qualities of external nature, and of which so many detached members annually commit outrages on the public patience, under the denomination of

tourists. In a country like this, where wealth has multiplied the desires and the means of enjoyment, and idleness fosters every capricious whim that ignorance or extravagance may have conceived, dissipation runs a wider round, and folly soars to a more adventurous height, than the limited absurdity of a poorer age, ever dared to attempt or hoped to attain. This blind passion for untried pleasures, nursed by the phantoms of imagination, and unrestrained by the dictates of reason, impels people to the prosecution of objects at variance with the dispositions of their nature, and often diverts the calm current of their lives into some rugged channel, over which Providence never intended it should flow. It is thus we are enabled to account for that epidemical rage for travelling, which has of late years afflicted the inhabitants of this island. Nothing can stop the dire contagion; it attacks with equal fury the young and the old, the robust and the infirm; it preys indiscriminately on men, women and children. Even those most worthy persons who, long accustomed to sedentary employments in the manufacturing towns of this prosperous realm, were hitherto considered as fixtures, have fallen victims to this desolating plague, and spurning the sordid trade of gold, scamper over the thinly peopled districts of rural retirement, in vagaries deeply distressing to their old friends and highly amusing to their new acquaintance. During what publicans call the busy time of the year, the country now presents a very singular and comical appearance, and the once quiet regions of Westmoreland offer almost as great a variety of spectacle as Cheapside.

In the course of those peregrinations, in which we too are glad to indulge, after a winter spent in the labour of critical dissection, we have occasionally met characters not unproductive of entertainment; we have sometimes found ourselves in the room with a class of ladies and gentlemen, who having accidentally heard in the course of conversation, that all the world was not in every respect similar to London, determined to prove by experience the truth of that information, and no longer to sit silent and ignorant in company, when the theme of conversation should chance to extend beyond the liberties of Westminster. It must not, however, be supposed, that a rational curiosity made any part of the motives which drove them from their homes, or that they suffered any thing but downright mental pain from the time they delivered their first injunctions to the delighted postillion. They see no prospect but through the cracked window of a post chaise, they hold no conversation but with the landlord or chambermaid. They are, however, supported under their

sufferings by two considerations; first, the anticipation of those future hours of glory, when, seated round the social fire, they shall assume the air of travellers, and astonish the weak minds of their city friends by narrative, description and anecdote; and secondly, by the proud consciousness of the gorgeous magnificence with which they came on the eye of the gazing rustics. Chaises, gigs, buggies, horsemen, swell the cavalcade, and its transit through a village is remembered like a thunder-storm or a fiery meteor.

There is a second class of tourists, less ludicrous than the good people above mentioned, but much more disagreeable. These are persons who pride themselves on their inquisitive spirit of curiosity, and who wish to acquire the reputation of accurate and extensive knowledge. They resolve to see, smell, touch, hear and feel every thing obvious to the external senses, that the country through which they pass may have the misfortune to possess. They accordingly provide themselves with every tour, journal, post-chaise companion, map or engraving that has labelled the scene in question. When they see a large tree, or a stream, or a mountain, or a village, a general consultation is held on the subject of the discovery, and its name being found, its history is perused with voracious eagerness, and laid up in the memory as an inestimable treasure. The unfortunate landlord too of each inn is overwhelmed with a flood of questions, poured in at once upon him from all quarters; and should the village boast a guide, he is resorted to as a museum of every thing curious in the natural and moral world. But by thus endeavouring to see every thing, it happens that persons of this description see nothing, for though the objects meet their senses, no impression is conveyed to the seat of understanding. They trust entirely to others, what ought to be the province of their own minds, and consequently after leaving the scene of observation, they recollect nothing but a multitude of dry names and still more arid facts, unadorned by one ray of intelligence, unenlivened by one association of remembered thought. When inclined to be talkative, they are the pests of society, and destroy the gaiety of the social circle, by a hubbub of unconnected phrases, which for dull absurdity might nearly equal the contents of a chapter in John Carr's *Stranger in Ireland*.

A third class of tourists may be termed jolly fellows, who have no idea of travelling in a hum-drum style, or of rusticating the free and easy manners of city fashion. It often happens that gentlemen of this description are hard run for amusement during the summer months, and as a last resource, take to the desperate measure of visiting the coun-

ury. They care not for the beauties of external nature, and would rather pass an evening in the box-lobby of Drury-lane theatre than witness the finest moonlight scene in the north of England. Accordingly their amusement during the day, consists in displaying their dexterity in the guidance of the reins or flourishing the whip, and during the night in pouring out copious libations to the rosy god. They draw close the curtains to exclude the lingering light of eve, and sit down to serious drinking. They all agree that the day's tour has been a stupid bore; and an act is passed to fine in a bumper, every man who drops an hint of their being on a rural excursion. Ere long the Bacchanalian song arises, and to use Walter Scott's language, 'fragments of the lofty strain' float down the stream of intoxication. In some distant parlour the peaceful traveller hears the horrid din, and the trembling waiter, ere he opens the door, stops till the sound of the long-rung bell dies on his ear before he has courage to face the noisy crew. Midnight witnesses their obstreperous orgies; and in the morning, pale-faced spectres are observed silently wandering about, who a few hours before had given such unequivocal testimony of their existence.

Widely different from these 'bons vivans,' is the sentimental tourist. The amiable enthusiast is cursed or blessed (which you will,) with a soul so tremblingly alive to the slightest impressions either of pain or pleasure, that he steals his way through the beauties of nature, as if afraid to be shocked to death at witnessing the thistle-fare of a jack-ass, or dissolved into extacy at hearing the drawling sing-song of a milk-maid. He flies from every thing rude and boisterous, and reposes on the bosom of innocence and peace. He will write an elegy on a beggar without giving him a farthing, and if he hears of a thief being brought to the gallows, will forget that he had incurred the guilt of stealing, in a lamentation over the misfortune of his getting hanged. In the course of his peregrinations he forgets that God implanted any manliness in his soul, and gives way to a confirmed habit of grief and sympathy, that would in the highest degree become a man-milliner fresh from the Sorrows of Charlotte and Werter.

We know not to which of the classes now described the author of the Tour before us ought to be assigned. He has nothing sufficiently discriminative or striking about him to belong exclusively to one particular character. He is the most trifling and insipid of God's creatures; the most common-place observations are for ever trickling from his pen; and while his mind is insensible to the mildest and most sublime scenery, it is affected by objects altogether tame and

uninteresting. What his motive was in visiting the Lakes, we cannot conjecture, unless it was simply to *look at them*. He never by any accident conversed with the inhabitants of the country through which he passed, either high or low, rich or poor, except when compelled by dire necessity to order dinner of the landlord, or to answer some impertinent question, suggested by the curiosity of his guide. He explored none of the secret haunts of nature; none of the savage dells, the lonely cataracts, the wild tarns, the beetling cliffs which far amid the recesses of mountain scenery, the solitary wanderer beholds with a fearful and trembling rapture. In general he kept jogging along the public road, delighted with the regular rows of larch-trees, whose shade kept the flies and sun from his face; admiring 'the white clouds sailing through the blue sky,' a phenomenon which we think might have been enjoyed during the summer months in any other part of the habitable globe, and endeavouring, at the close of day, with, we fear, very little success, to construe an ode of Horace or Anacreon. Indeed, little as the illiberal prejudices and pitiful conceit of our tourist are entitled to serious compassion, we could not help, during the perusal of his unprofitable pages, often feeling acutely for the helpless and desolate state in which he and his companion must have passed the long summer evenings. Fatigued, as by his own confession he generally was, with the slender exertions of the day, and destitute, by the confession of his book, of all mental resources, the interval between a late dinner and an early bed must uniformly have passed in that disturbed kind of slumber, which is too high a price for the deathlike sleep by which it is at length followed. We figure to our mind's eye, our disconsolate tourist yawning in the incommodious inclosure of a great, hard, wooden arm-chair, overturning by frequent starts from a dreamy drowsiness the ill-contrived fender, and finally, giving orders for bed-room candles in a tone of indistinct surliness to a chambermaid, whose natural pertness acquires new acidity from the unreasonable bad humour of her unpolite guest. Such sufferings may have been imposed upon himself as a penance for sins committed in secret; but we cannot bring ourselves to think that one crime can be expiated by another, or that a man ought to seek a cure for a distressed conscience, in the punishment which he inflicts on an innocent public. Whoever reads this performance will suffer much, very much. If the tourist who wishes to be informed of every place and every object that may be seen at the English lakes, expects to derive that information from this volume, he will find nothing but a few names

known to all the world; if the sentimentalist peruse its pages to indulge his sensibility, he will doubtless meet with a few miserable scraps of pathos, but nothing to satisfy his diseased palate; if the admirer of grand, wild, and beautiful scenery, hopes to see nature as in a mirror, he will find that common glass has no power of reflection; and if the philosopher, the student of character, expects to be enlightened by the exhibition of mind, he will fling the 'printed pageant' indignantly away, as destitute of intellect, speculation or theory. It is one of the few books we have seen, possessing nothing to recommend it, not even a sufficient quantity of sheer absurdity. The paper and types alone deserve praise, to which Mr. W. Pople, Old Boswell-court, Strand, is well entitled.

To justify the severity of castigation, we shall shortly analyse the performance. And let us observe in the first place, that more than a third part of it has no connection whatever with the Lakes, nor indeed with any thing else, but merely contains a journal of that portion of the author's life, which was spent in the summer of the year 1804 between London and Kendal. The first glimpse we catch of him is going up Highgate-hill on his way to Ashbourne, but whether he is enjoying the interior of the mail coach, or of the 'Derby Dilly carrying three insides,' the darkness of the evening prevents us from ascertaining. Either vehicle, however, must have been equally pleasant to him, as he slept all the way to Northampton, which we are informed 'contains some well-built houses.' Passing through the town of Leicester, 'which is inhabited chiefly by graziers,' he arrived at Ashbourne, where, wonderful to relate, 'the country and the weather seemed to brighten together.' He there saw two French generals, Pajot and Boyer, speaking of whom he says that 'veracity beamed on every countenance,' using, we suppose, the word 'countenance' in the restricted sense of 'feature.' Here he visited the village of Ilam, which, like every other village mentioned in the tour, 'consists of a few scattered huts.' Ilam house is inhabited by 'a gentleman who is a very active justice of the peace.' Near this village he saw 'a mossy tablet encircled with a bench of stone, which is said to have inspired the genius of the facetious Congreve in the composition of his *Old Bachelor*.' How this could have been we know not. On the banks of Dove, he saw a rabbit-warren, 'where rabbits are every where seen running about,' and the stream itself is distinguished from all other streams by the following very remarkable properties, viz. 'its artless and incessant murmur,' and 'its sometimes gliding smoothly,' and 'at others being impeded and broken in its course.' It moreover 'reminds him

of the river Wye,' by means probably of the associating principle of contrariety. He met on its banks with a most extraordinary character, namely, 'a man who had reared a numerous family by the sweat of his brow,' whose 'food consisted of oaten cake, or a mess of meal pottage,' and who 'was accustomed at the clear brook to slake his thirst.' These singularities were only to be equalled 'by his never having heard of the French Revolution.' For our part we see nothing very remarkable in the character of this man, unless it be the rare habit of drinking when he felt thirsty, and the extraordinary materials of his beverage. The only remark our tourist makes upon Matlock is, that 'its delightful retirement is profaned by that insipidity of conversation and amusement which forms the disgusting characteristic of a modern watering-place.' To those who have not spirit to enter into lively amusement, good-nature to be delighted with seeing people happy around them, or polite manners to render them easy and comfortable in the society of gentlemen, a modern watering-place must no doubt be very disgusting. On the wonders of the Peak he makes a few tame remarks, occasionally enlivened by quotations altogether inapplicable to the scene; and concludes his account with informing the world of a circumstance not generally credited, that Mam Tor is more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea, which makes it considerably higher than the highest hill in Great Britain. He next proceeds to Sheffield, where we are told 'swords and knives are made,' and agrees with Mr. Gray and the rest of mankind, that 'Leeds is an ugly, dirty, smoky town.' Harrogate he says 'is remarkable only for its chalybeate waters,' which proves he never had the misfortune of drinking them. He shrewdly conjectures that the Abbey of Kirkstall 'formerly consisted of refectories, dormitories, chapels, and penitentiary cells.' This reminds us of the sea captain, who starting up in a paroxysm of enthusiasm and inspiration, smote his fist upon the table, and 'swore that there was more harm done by sea and land than in all the rest of the globe beside.' He then proceeds to Askrig, a place 'remarkable only for dullness,' a remark which we think must have been peculiarly applicable to that lively little spot during the stay of our tourist. Kendal he describes by the satisfactory appellation of a 'moping town,' and at last he catches a glimpse of Winaudermere. Here then, strictly speaking, his business with the public and ours with him commence. After describing in very vague terms the feelings excited in his mind by the first sight of this magnificent lake, he concludes a short but tedious chapter with the following prophetic paragraph.

'We took shelter at the delicious repose of Lowood, a spot which I soon ventured to predict would at no very distant period become the favourite resort of every northern traveller who has any correct taste for the wild or beautiful in nature.' p. 54.

The wonder excited in the reader's mind by this daring prophecy is somewhat abated, when he considers that the event to which it alludes was fulfilled many years before the prophecy was delivered.

As we propose following the track of our tourist as regularly as possible, we beg leave to quote part of p. 55.

'On the morning of the 19th we opened our astonished eyes on the glorious expanse of Winandermere *floating a tract of 14 miles in extent. The beams of the sun quivered prettily on the margin of the lake, and a little fleet of boats rode at anchor in the peaceful harbour of Lowood.*

This is quite in the dashing style of modern description, confused, bombastical and false. From the inn at Lowood scarcely one half of the lake can be seen, so that it is ridiculous to speak of 14 miles. Why the sun should quiver more on the margin of the lake than the lake itself seems unreasonable; and to speak of that luminary 'quivering prettily,' discovers a contempt for the source of flame which in Persia might render our author a victim to its omnipotence.

But in denominating a few fishing-boats, tied by ropes no longer fit for the stable, to the edge of a creek, employed chiefly for washing foul linen, 'a fleet of boats, riding at anchor in a peaceful harbour,' this nameless gentleman has outdone himself, and exhibited the perfection of a sentence where bombastic expression gains an inglorious victory over imbecillity of thought.

In the vain hope of finding some remark calculated to remove the melancholy excited by the previous display of mental weakness, we hastened to page 58. We there met with the following specimen of taste and description:

'The mediocrity of the southern boundary (of Winandermere) however conspicuous, might have escaped the severity of criticism if it were not unfortunately exposed by the splendour of connection. In scenes like these, where nature working in the style of a bold and independent master, launches into the wild and fanciful, and soars beyond the conception of human genius, we are unable to reconcile an association so distasteful, and would rather have been blind to the beauties than have witnessed the deformities of such a picture. Consistency is surely compatible with the boldest design, and it is painful to see the liveliest colours mixed on the same canvass with the sombre.'

This is certainly a curious piece of criticism on the works

of nature. It is painful to see the lively mixed with the sombre!! What! is the variety of nature offensive? Is the sweet interchange of hill and dale, the verdant field stealing through the brown forest, the shaggy precipice frowning over the quiet meadow, the lofty mountain sloping down in gradual beauty to the long level plain;—are these objects to shock the soul of a rational being? And where does nature exhibit this delightful variety in more attractive loveliness, than on the banks of Winandermere? In truth, the mystic charm of this exquisite picture consists precisely in the very circumstance which, according to our tourist, destroys the effect of the whole, namely, the contrast between the sublimity of the upper and the beauty of the lower part of the Lake. There is nothing discordant in this contrast; every feature of nature is mellowed imperceptibly into the one most opposite to it, like the colours of the rainbow; and the effect of the whole scene, thus uniting every charm of wildness and cultivation, grandeur and loveliness, is more fairy, more magical, than ever poetic fancy created in the brightest charm of inspiration. And yet, down comes a gentleman from Highgate, who declares 'that he would rather have been blind to the beauties than have witnessed the deformities of this picture'!!!

Hitherto we have confined ourselves principally to an exposition of this unfortunate gentleman's want of taste and judgment, but a passage in p. 59. contains in its first clause a statement which would lead us to infer that he also wants his eyes, though in its last we find a remark that tends to prove his vision more acute than that of a lynx.

'The woody valley of Troutbeck or Trout-river, an interesting walk of two miles from Lowood, *boasts a few scattered cottages, a moss-gray church, and a stream so beautifully clear that not a fish nor a weed can escape detection.*'

The village of Troutbeck is the largest in that part of the country, being nearly a mile long; and though we have often angled in the stream alluded to, we have found, much to our mortification, that the fish eluded detection most dexterously.

From the following passage in p. 61. we suppose our tourist has been nettled at some circumstance that occurred during the day's excursion, else he would not have been so very petulant and impertinent to the venerable Bishop of Landaff. 'Beneath us in a marshy bottom stood the heavy edifice of Calgarth house, the residence of the Bishop of Landaff, a station so unhappily selected as to exclude every interesting view of the enchanting scenery that surrounds

It. This 'appears to be very bad manners.' From the expression 'beneath us,' it is certain that this rural critic did not visit the spot he thus abuses, so that he is convicted of injustice out of his own mouth. Calgarth is situated low, but not on a marshy bottom, as it is surrounded by a fine dry lawn. Though it does not command a very striking prospect, some of the views from the high windows are extremely delightful.

In tracing the course of the river Rothay under the majestic rocks of Rydal, p. 63, the object which principally attracted his attention was the following: 'Here the solitary cow cautiously descending crops in uninterrupted security the delicious herbage. Such is the tremendous elevation to which she aspires that the animated speck would be unperceived but for an accidental motion.' It seems singular that a man who can see a trout at the bottom of a pool cannot see a cow half way up a precipice. This river furnishes him with a great deal of description. He speaks of it in p. 70, 'as dashing with foamy fury over the precipitous sides of a tremendous gill,' and says that the 'fir-trees have veiled it in Cimmerian darkness.' The spot here alluded to is a beautiful retired scene on the Rothay, distinguished for a softness of character, and partaking in some measure of the wild and picturesque, but unmarked by a single feature either of sublimity or horror. Cimmerian darkness was however too good a phrase to be out of the service, and though it is a veteran that has acted in all the tours of this and the last century, it is here put into the front rank, and makes a very soldierlike appearance.

Before leaving this part of the country our author pays a visit to Mr. Curwen's island, p. 64.

'Embarked at Lowood, and made a pleasant excursion of six miles to Mr. Curwen's island. *We could not but admire the stillness and transparency of the lake, which is in some parts nearly a hundred yards deep, and three quarters of a mile across. In the winter season it is frequently so rough as to render the management of a boat extremely hazardous. It abounds with char, a coarse fish caught in nets, of which a great quantity are potted. In addition to these there are trout, perch, and eels; the former are more numerous in the brooks and rivulets by which the lake is fed. The eels are pierced by a sharp instrument, a model of the harpoon, as they coil unwarily on the grassy bottom. On our approach the village of Boness rose among the trees on the opposite shore. From the poetical rhapsodies of the guides in delineating the charms of these islands, the imagination revels among fairy bowers and Kosciuscan sylphs; but instead of these, what Mr. Gray would have expressively termed a rus in-urbeist's house, and a neglected garden serve rather*

to excite pity than to aggravate disappointment. The shores, as might be expected, are low and uncommanding. A lofty point of rock on the western beach is occupied by a station-house, a most favourite resort of the islanders. Here, after a laborious ascent, we gained little novelty of prospect, &c.

This is the only passage that gave us a high idea of our author's imagination, for it abounds in fictions. We shall only mention seven of the most prominent. In the first place, it is not six miles from Lowood to Curwen's island; in the second, char is an exceedingly delicate fish; in the third, the instrument by which eels are pierced bears no resemblance to a harpoon; in the fourth, 'these islands' means this island; in the fifth, there is no garden on the island, and that on the edge of the lake is highly cultivated; in the sixth, shores are not low on which there are lofty points; and in the seventh, instead of there being little novelty in the prospect from the station here alluded to, novelty is its principal recommendation. These are points of little importance, but they are characteristic of the man.

Let us now accompany him to Derwent Water. He gets very garrulous upon this lake, very garrulous indeed. We verily believe that he amounts nearly to twenty pages. He continues to massacre the reputation of Mr. Gray with a savage ingenuity of torture, that would make him a great character among the North American Indians. He drags him from the asylum of the grave, and under the mask of admiration, exposes to insult the skeleton of that majestic bard. He backs every paltry observation of his own, with 'as Mr. Gray says,' and not unfrequently obliges the deceased poet to bear witness to the truth of remarks, of whose falsity he would have been the first to express pity and contempt. We shall content ourselves with a few specimens of this part of the Tour. Speaking of Derwent Water, he says,

'On the most considerable island of this little archipelago stands a tasteless mansion, the residence of a gentleman whose splendid regattas have acquired him an extensive celebrity in the country.'

He here alludes to a gentleman universally beloved for his philanthropy and benevolence, and whose name is never pronounced but with a blessing by the child of poverty. Such is the scurrility of narrow-minded rancour! He has not proceeded many pages before he gives another proof of the liberality of his sentiments:

'As we crossed the rapid tide of the river Greeta, we observed, at the distance of a stone's-throw from the road, an old embattled

brick mansion *apparently an uninhabited ruin*; in this, however, we were mistaken: it was the Villa Lucretilis of one of the most celebrated of that corpusculum poetarum who it cannot be denied have afforded abundant specimens of the exuberance of their genius. His lyric brother occupies a house on the banks of Grassmere, for which, as his landlord assured us, he paid an annual rent of five pounds. *Sic itur ad astra.*

A more shameless example of low-minded abuse than this, we never were doomed to peruse. Were it not for the malignity apparent in this pitiful passage, it would be amusing enough to hear this person speaking contemptuously of such men as Southey and Wordsworth. If he means any thing, he wishes to laugh at those gentlemen for being poor; which, if the fact were so, would prove his want of feeling, and since it is not so, shews that he gratifies his malice at the expence of his veracity. There is a passage in one of Wordsworth's pastorals, which describes very accurately this silly rambler:

These tourists, heaven preserve us, needs must live
A profitable life! some glance along
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel aloft,
Long as their summer lasted: some as wise,
Upon the forehead of a jutting crag
Sit perch'd, with book and pencil on their knees,
And look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.
But for you moping son of idleness,
What does he yonder?

Of the same stamp with the above is the following sentence relative to pedestrian travellers: (P. 93.)

'Nothing could be more absurd than this extravagance, which, like most other excesses, however, soon corrected itself: this was that cant and affectation of stoicism which would convert a toil into a pleasure, by combating the existence, or steeling us to the perception of pain; and which, as it originated only in sophistry, soon terminated in disgust.'

In this senseless jargon it is easy to discover the ill-natured reasoning of a man, who is vexed at not possessing the power necessary for that mode of travelling which he condemns. He speaks of the natural and easy operation of setting down one foot after the other as a labour only to be endured by a Hercules. But it is not for persons whose ambulatory exploits have been confined to Bond-street, or the park on a Sunday, to deliver lectures on the agony of muscular exer-

tion. Neither is it for such gentlemen to pretend making a tour of the Lakes in post-chaises and hired gigs; and after finding that in such vehicles they can see nothing; to abuse through pure and ludicrous spite, the more rational part of mankind, who have discovered that legs were given them for the purpose of walking. It is impossible to see one half of the wonders of the North of England except on foot; and this we venture to assert in contradiction both of our equestrian tourist, and that facetiously drunken landlord at Keswick, with whose accomplishments he was so greatly delighted. As to the descriptions of scenery with which he has diversified these moral remarks, we think them almost as bad as those of Sir John Carr, Knight. We decline quoting any thing so very stupid. His account of the cataract of Lowdone may amuse, from the circumstance of its distinguishing one waterfall by qualities that necessarily belong to every other. p. 88.

*The character of this famous fall (*the Niagara of England*) varies with the season, as might be expected from the nature of its resources. The cataract which, during the floods, rolls with uninterrupted volume and impetuous velocity, and *shakes the mountains with its rebound*, dwindles in the drought of summer; &c.

Of the lake itself he says a great many long words, which may be agreeable to those who understand them, but a glossary is wanting. He speaks of 'rare coloured stones of granite glittering in the pellucid stream, like the phrases of a prism,' expressions which would stumble on the lips of any boarding school miss, into whose hands her mamma might accidentally place this precious performance. He says,

'That from the cliffs fragments of rock are flung in *awful profusion*, and from the *danger of an instant succession*, no part of the dale appears secure.'

But a truce with quotation, for the silliness of this person destroys the amusement we might otherwise derive from his absurdity.

As yet he has visited only Winandermere and Derwent Water. What does he say of Estwhaite Lake? That it 'resembles closely Winandermere.' Every person who has seen these lakes will agree with us in thinking that they resemble each other as much as their names, of which all the consonants are different, and the vowels differently arranged. What does he say of Coniston Lake? He never saw it, though at one time he was within two miles of it, and though in simple loveliness it yields not to any sheet of inland water in Britain. What does he say of Rydal water,

which in quiet beauty is little inferior to Grassmere? He says that it is called Rydal Water. What does he say of Bassenthwaite? That it is naked and uninteresting beyond description; and that the chief merit of one view near Keswick, consists in this lake's being out of sight. What does he say of Ulswater? That its merit consists 'in sober serenity,' a quality which must therefore be composed of tremendous mountains covered with eternal clouds, and precipices where the Danger of Collins might fling his giant limbs to rest. What does he say of Hawe's Water? He never saw it, though within a few miles of it for nearly a week. What does he say of Wast-Water, (or Wasse-water as he calls it?) He says it is 'a lake of considerable picture.' Here he may be excused for erring so egregiously, for from the route he followed, it is impossible he could have seen it. Those 'foolish sophists,' the pedestrians, can alone visit this wonderous scene. If any of these should chance to read this article, and have a taste 'for Desolation's sullen majesty,' let them visit Wast-Water, and humble themselves before the sublime altar of nature. Of Grassmere, which has been called with singular felicity, 'beauty sleeping in the lap of horror,' he gives a pale water-colour description, which, without the assistance of the name, the most ingenious man living could not discover to belong to the scene.

We intended to have followed this harmless wanderer to the termination of his rambles; but, we dare say our readers are as tired of him, as he must frequently have been of himself. Before leaving him, we wish to ask him why he so constantly abuses commercial pursuits? He attributes to their malign influence, every kind of vice and misery. This notion is rather the worse for wear; it is perfectly threadbare, and we have heard that Mr. Pratt himself is ashamed of it. We would ask this tourist a question suited to his narrow capacity, what would become of agriculture in this island, were it not for commerce? From a man who laughs at poets and pedestrians, we expect a little common sense; but he possesses neither the generous enthusiasm of the lover of nature, nor the shrewd discernment of the man of the world, while he exhibits in ripe perfection, the vast judgment that too often belongs to the one, and the callous insensibility that almost always accompanies the other. This is the more surprising as he appears to have visited foreign countries, and speaks of France in particular, in terms of jocular familiarity. Indeed, he has all the garrulity without any of the liveliness of the French, and were we to conjecture his origin from his writings, we should suppose him to be the

son of a Gallic mantua-maker by a Dutch burgo-master. Scarcely a page passes without some allusion to his stay at Paris, and some vulgar French proverb, that would sicken a nocturnal Cypriat in the vicinity of the Louvre. We now leave him without one feeling of regret, but with a serious advice never again to put pen to paper with a view to publication ; or, if from the inveteracy of long continued habits he find that impossible, let him confine his molestations against the peace of the reading world, to the unhappy pages of Phillips's Monthly Magazine, which has long been infested with delinquents who shelter themselves under its guardian cover from the penal terrors of criticism.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town ; Representative of the County of Nottingham in the long Parliament, and of the Town of Nottingham in the first Parliament of Charles II. &c. with original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Cotemporaries, and a summary Review of Public Affairs written by his Widow Lucy, Daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. Now first published from the Original Manuscript, by the Reverend Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by Herself. A Fragment. 4to. Longman. 1806.*

IT is not without good grounds that the repositories of the house of Hutchinson have been ransacked to fill the pages of this volume. Contemporary memoirs of important transactions possess a peculiar interest. We do not expect in them that cool partiality, that cynical severity of judgment, or that penetration into the causes of events, which can hardly be attained, till the progress of years has disclosed the secret motives, and extinguished the vehement passions of the actors. But we have some right to hope, and we are here frequently gratified to meet with a natural and vivid representation of events, which bring long passed times before us with the clearness of a present scenery, and which communicate to us all the enthusiasm of an actual spectator of the actions which are described. Mrs. Hutchinson, the authoress of these memoirs, displays in her writings abundant proofs of a cultivated understanding, and of a taste correct at least in relation to the age in which she lived ; and upon the whole we are disposed to judge very favourably of the literary merit of her

productions, which have thus unexpectedly escaped from the dust of ancient records to revel in the magnificence of modern typography, and be adorned with the fairest ornaments of the engraver's art.

With regard to the editor we wish that we had more opportunity to speak: but of the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, with his host of *et ceteras*, we have no knowledge save only what we derive from his unwearied annotations, which illustrate nothing, and praise every thing. We learn however from a genealogical tree which is presented to the reader, that '*Julius the editor*' stands in the relation of great grand-nephew to colonel Hutchinson. This tree, it may easily be perceived, has been contemplated by its proprietor with great complacency, and he has thus generously resolved to impart his grateful feelings to all who may peruse his work. We know not however how far the world may sympathize with his sensation; especially as they are deprived of the pleasure of inspecting that 'very handsome emblazoned genealogy originally traced by Henry St. George, king of arms, and continued and embellished by Thomas Brand, esq. his majesty's writer and embellisher of letters to the Eastern princes, anno 1712.' Yet unless Julius the editor be a man of great personal antiquity, we fear that his name cannot have met the high honour of being emblazoned by these masters of the heraldic art, but must have been crammed into his magnificent tree, after a second-hand manner, by some modern dabbler in the science of arms.

Colonel Hutchinson was a zealous and probably a conscientious republican of the age of Charles I. He assisted at the condemnation of that monarch, and with difficulty saved his own life and fortune from forfeiture at the era of the restoration. His brother, from whom Julius the editor is descended, was a man of other principles; and by a judicious attention to the doctrine of the loaves and fishes, not only in the end possessed himself, like another Jacob, of his elder brother's inheritance, but contrived to persuade his wife's father also to dispose of all his property in his favour. The son of this disciple of Plutus, however, having married one Betty Norton from Hampshire, returned to his family principles, and we suppose hated all men richer or greater than himself, with as much cordiality as any demagogue can be expected to do. No farther notice being taken of the tail of this morsel of genealogy, we imagine that matters continued much in the same state as they did in the days of the son of the apostate. At all events, our

curiosity must now seek food of another, and more interesting nature.

The first part of this work contains a sketch of the life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson written by herself, and preceded by a very elegant portrait of that lady, from which we may infer that she was no less eminent for personal, than for mental accomplishments. She was the daughter of sir Allan Apsley, whose family has now merged into that of Bathurst, and whose name affords a second title to that noble house. Mrs. Hutchinson appears with great modesty in the account of her own life. She describes her father and her mother with sentiments of affectionate admiration, and attributes to their unusual care and extraordinary powers, whatever progress she may have made in knowledge, or in virtue. She was born in the year 1620, the land, she observes, being then at peace, 'if,' continues she, 'that quietness may be called a peace, which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea, whose dark womb is already impregnated of a horrid tempest.' In this quotation we have not followed the antique orthography of the work. We do not approve of the care with which the editor has preserved the spelling of Mrs. Hutchinson, even when in the same page the same word appears in different forms. It seems to have been unwise to abstract the attention of the reader from the solid merits of this lady's composition. Though we would not permit one sentence or one phrase to be altered, we would assist with pleasure to prune the superfluous letters, nor can we carry our regard for antiquity so far as to admire even its defects.

Mrs. Hutchinson next proceeds to express her love of her native country, and, in a short digression, epitomises with considerable elegance and ability the history of its most remarkable revolutions. If in this part of the life there be too much panegyric, men have learned to forgive the amiable prejudices of patriotism, and to excuse the warmth of the expression for the honesty of the feeling. It is now customary to consider the period previous to that in which Mrs. Hutchinson wrote, as only the dawn of English literature, where, though a few luminaries of extraordinary magnitude and brightness shed an illustrious light, yet a vein of bad taste ran through the finest compositions of the age, and diminished without extinguishing the most gigantic efforts of genius. It appears, however, that it is essential to nations to believe in their own excellence, which they sometimes reach, but always claim; and no true-born Englishman at any period, was ever known to acknowledge the superiority of another country. Mrs. Hutchinson, in whose

breast the fire of patriotism burned with a bright flame, felt this sentiment of preference in an eminent degree, and ingenuously expresses her opinion in the following terms:

‘Nor is it only valour and generosity, that renown this nation; in arts we have advanced equal to our neighbours, and in those that are most excellent exceeded them. The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is as ingeniously practised: the English archery were the terror of Christendom, and their clothes the ornament: but these low things bounded not their great spirits; in all ages it hath yielded men as famous in all kinds of learning as Greece or Italy can boast of.’

Mrs. Hutchinson next proceeds to descant on the eminent advantages of the British islands over every part of the world in religious matters, and her birth in this spot favoured of heaven, she enumerates among the blessings of her life. Though the authoress was in heart a keen republican, it appears that in those days it was reckoned no inconsistency to join the aristocratical feelings of the ancient family to the factious spirit of the demagogue. It is here related that sir Allan Apsley succeeded to the inheritance of his ancestors by the will of his relation, though not the nearest of kin, on account of the low intermarriages of the elder branch. The descendants of the uncles of Mrs. Hutchinson also are passed over by her with a contemptuous notice of their existence. ‘The rest of my father’s brothers,’ says she, ‘went into the wars in Ireland and in the Low Countries, and there remained none of them nor their issues when I was born, but only three daughters, who bestowed themselves meanly, and their generations are worn out except two or three unregarded children.’

But with whatever neglect poor and distant relations are treated by this lady, she atones for her remissness in these respects by her expressions of warm affection to her nearer connexions, who are painted with every human excellence and virtue. Her mother’s history is detailed at full length, and it appears that amongst other misfortunes that lady suffered a grievous disappointment in love. A gentleman who made her many professions thought fit during her absence to marry another person, ‘having been by the most vile practices and treacheries drawn out of his senses.’ Upon this event she went to reside with an uncle, but this personage becoming jealous of his wife, who as usual in those cases was one of the most injured of women, his house proved a disagreeable residence, and was quitted for an asylum in Jersey, where sir Allan Apsley met and married her. All

these adventures had occurred before lady Apsley had attained the age of sixteen.

The character of the father of our authoress is depicted in terms of glowing admiration, and we doubt not that he deserved much of the praise which is here bestowed upon him. We would willingly prove the justness of our opinion by extracting the entire passage, but it is too long for that purpose, and we must content ourselves with recommending it to the perusal of the reader. Amongst his other virtues is mentioned generosity, and it appears that he permitted his lady to supply sir Walter Raleigh when a prisoner in the tower with the means of pursuing some chemical inquiries, and beguiling by the aid of science the tedious hours of confinement. An air of unaffected and pleasing piety pervades all the writings of Mrs. Hutchinson. The age in which she lived favoured the acquisition of religious knowledge, and our authoress at an early age imbibed the prevalent doctrines. The example of her parents encouraged her progress, and she quickly became the admiration and terror of all less initiated than herself.

'Play amongst other children,' she observes, 'I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company; to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up many things that I would utter again to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught: I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to any thing that was not sin, for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs or amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confident in all the loves that were managed amongst my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers and some particular friends beloved above the rest; among these I have * * * * *'

Here follows in the manuscript a great hiatus, many leaves being torn out, as Julius the editor learnedly conjectures, by the hand of the authoress; by what process of rea-

soning the gentleman came to discover this fact we are at a loss to imagine, or how he should be so very positive that Mrs. Hutchinson herself performed this part. The hand of the arch enemy of mankind has in all true histories of that formidable personage been allowed to impress a black mark on the objects which he touches in his wrath, though we have never heard that the fair and amiable sex inherited *that* quality of the Devil. But we should in vain fatigue ourselves to discover this mysterious process, and shall therefore quit a fruitless pursuit, and conclude our remarks on the memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson. It appears that the last pages treated of the subject of love, and that some low amour of the authoress was developed with more candour than prudence. The advance of age, however, has been long known to increase the latter of these qualities at the expence of the former, and if the shame of some of her descendants or relations did not obliterate the guilty pages, it is probable that the hand of Mrs. Hutchinson herself performed the prudent act. We must not be understood to accuse this respectable lady of any immorality, or of more than some tender languishments after the charms of a jolly coachman or a handsome groom. In these modern days such trifles excite scarcely a nine days wonder, and the disgrace of one eloping damsel of a family is quickly forgotten in the blazing infamy of her successor. The manuscript again suddenly terminates, and the few lines which thus afford a scope for our conjecture seem to have by accident only escaped from the destruction in which the rest were involved. At the end is presented a fac simile of Mrs. Hutchinson's hand writing, where a few sentences of much religious obscurity and pith are expressed in characters of antique form but sufficient distinctness.

The next part of this volume contains a short sketch of colonel Hutchinson, written by his wife for the benefit of her children. In such a performance we are not to look for plain and unbiassed truth, such as it would appear to a stranger; but we must expect that every feature will receive a new form from the hand of the painter; that the beauties of the piece will glow with brighter colours than those of nature, and that the blemishes will be veiled by the tender hand of affection. In reality there is something extremely ingenuous and engaging in the conjugal love which beams through every part of this portrait. There is great nobleness and justness of feeling in the commencement of this address of Mrs. Hutchinson to her children regarding their father.

* They who dote on mortal excellences, when by the inevitable

fate of all things frail, their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow, whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost, and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view which may with their remembrance renew their grief; and in time these remedies may succeed, when oblivion's curtain is by degree, drawn over the dead, face, and things less lovely liked, while they are not viewed together with that which was most excellent love, but I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and if it were possible to augment my care for the present find out none more just to your dear father nor consolatory to myself than the preservation of his memory, which I need not gild with such flattering commendation as the hired preachers do equally give to the truly and titularly honourable; a naked undressed narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the paegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtue of the best men.'

The authoress proceeds through many pages in a strain of eulogium not inferior to the part which we have extracted in any of the merits of composition. We confess ourselves to have been extremely pleased and touched with many passages. The piety which breathes in every sentence is of the most amiable and engaging kind, and in our opinion none of the smallest excellencies of this piece. Mrs. Hutchinson, after describing the person of her husband, gives a sketch of his virtues; and though the praise be almost too great for the imperfection of human nature, yet we are persuaded that the man who was so loved by such a woman after his death must have been a being of the most exalted order. It is pleasing and affecting to observe the most perfect and reasonable union which subsisted between this lady and her husband; and we are again tempted by the beauty of the following passage to extract it for the perusal of our readers.

'For conjugal affection to his wife, it was such in him, as who-soever would draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion to be practised in that estate, need no more but exactly draw out his example: never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife, yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted not that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such an honourable and advantageous subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul: he governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable for herself: he loved her soul and her honour more than

her outside, and yet he had even for her person a constant indulgence, exceeding the common temporary passions of the most uxorious fools ; if he esteemed her at a higher rate, than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doated on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him : all that she was she was in *him* while he was here, and all that she is now at best but his pale shade. So liberal was he to her and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses: his estate being so much at her dispose that he never would receive an account of any thing she expended ; so constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely he began to shew most fondness, he loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express, yet even in this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was yet bounded by a superior ; he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol, but in such a manner as showed that an affection bounded in the just rules of duty, far exceeds every way all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God above her, and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and at his command and for his glory cheerfully resigned them.'

We have already alluded to the change which we have ventured to make from the ancient to the modern orthography in the extracts which we have taken from the work. But we have left all other circumstances as we found them, though it must be obvious to the most superficial attention that there is ample room for improvements in various respects. The punctuation is altogether execrable, and such as to render nearly incomprehensible many sentences which, when properly divided, are not only distinct but elegant. Surely the affection of the editor for antiquity might have been less *pointed*, and yet have remained equally reasonable, and scarcely less fervent. A few double negatives, formerly permitted, but now inconsistent with the grammatical purity of our language, might have been safely expunged. Some words by the addition or retrenchment of a letter might, without losing any thing of their force, have assumed a modern dress. Nor in doing these things and some others of a similar description, would Julius the editor have had any reason to fear the offended manes of his ancestors, or the rage of desperate antiquarians. If this work is good for any thing, it is a piece of composition which unites the charms of history to those of biography, and describes events with a precision and interest only to be expected from a spectator. But all these advantages would have remained, and would have even appeared in a point of view still more favourable than they now do, had they been freed from the dust and rubbish by which they are surrounded and concealed.

The attention which we must pay to the remaining and

and principal part of the volume obliges us unwillingly to quit this preliminary account of colonel Hutchinson. We cannot do so, however, without expressing our opinion that it is a production of singular merit, and considering the age in which it was written, it must excite some surprize to find so much correct and cultivated taste. Nevertheless it does not appear to have pleased the nice feelings of the authoress. It is mentioned in a note that she had written at the end of it, 'All this and more is true, but I so much dislike the manner of relating it, that I will make another essay.' If we are to credit the editor, she was not so successful in the second as she had been in the first attempt, thus affording an additional illustration of the characteristic blindness of authors to the comparative merit of their different productions.

The next division of the work contains the life of colonel Hutchinson. That gentleman was the eldest son of sir Thomas Hutchinson by a daughter of sir John Biron, who is here styled the *lady* Margaret. In those days, when ambassadors and generals were dignified by the title of lord, we may excuse a similar courtesy to the daughter of a baronet. Sir Thomas was a gentleman of large fortune in Nottinghamshire. Our authoress prefixes to the account of her husband some anecdotes regarding him, several of which are sufficiently remarkable. One of these relates to sir German Poole, who was the unfaithful guardian of sir Thomas during his minority, and against whom his ward when of age was compelled to institute some processes at law. sir German upon this was greatly enraged, lay in wait for Sir Thomas near the Temple in London, and attacked him with a sword. Sir Thomas defended himself with a weapon of the same sort, but had the misfortune to break it during the combat. Whereupon, resolved not to be killed without doing some damage to his adversary, he ran in upon him, and in a convulsion of despair, bit off his nose. This mouthful, however, unexpectedly ended the fray, and sir German walked off in disgrace, as sir Thomas did, on the other side, according to Mrs. Hutchinson, '*in glory*.' Yet such are our feelings in these days at least, that it now requires a strong imagination to conceive the glory of biting off the nose of the greatest villain or assassin upon earth.

A little farther on, an interesting episode is introduced concerning the maternal grandfather and grandmother of colonel Hutchinson, which is too long for us to quote, and of which it would be difficult to give any adequate idea in an abridgment. We can only mention that after a long life of the greatest harmony and affection they died on the same day, without the one being conscious of the state of the other, an

instance of unusual felicity. This event is related in the following terms :

‘ He had two beds in one chamber, and she being a little sick, two women watched by her some time before she died. It was his custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask how she did ; but one night, he being as they thought in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone a hunting, his usual exercise for his health, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out : the women, fearful to surprize him with the ill news, knowing his dear affection to her, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. Sir John waking, did not that day, as was his custom, ask for her, but called the chaplain to prayers, and, joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired, and both of them were buried together in the same grave. Whether he perceived her death and would not take notice, or whether some strange sympathy in love or nature tied up their lives in one, or whether God was pleased to exercise an unusual providence towards them, preventing them both from that bitter sorrow which such separations cause, it can be but conjectured.’

Colonel Hutchinson was born in the year 1616. The adventures of his youth are not very uncommon, though they are related with much affectionate particularity by the authoress. The harsh manners of his schoolmaster disgusted him with learning, in which there is nothing very surprising. Boys even in these days prefer play to toil. But we are amused to perceive the gravity with which Mrs. Hutchinson states that ‘ at this place God began to exercise him with temptation and affliction,’ from which difficulties, however, he joyfully escaped unhurt. Soon after the embryo colonel was sent to another school, where he resisted the solicitations of a young lady to love, and of a travelled gentleman to fashionable sins. At Cambridge, whither in due time he repaired, he learned none of that malignant religious doctrine which was there prevalent at that time. Having quitted the walls of his college, he experienced and resisted the dangers of London, and at last went to Richmond, where the young princes then held their court, and where he met for the first time with his future wife. To literary ladies it must prove some consolation to hear that he was led to seek her society by seeing some Latin books which she was accustomed to peruse. The subsequent discovery of the extent of her learning, far from abating, redoubled the force of his passion, and in spite of every obstacle he led her to the altar a willing and lovely victim. Before the colonel went to Richmond, he was warned by some wisacre of the danger of that place, ‘ to which never

any young disengaged person went who returned free.' As was very natural, the colonel laughed at the remonstrance, and was hardly convinced by the following 'true story,' related to remove his doubts.

'A gentleman not very long ago had gone for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with, bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplored, he made inquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other. He grew desperately melancholy, and would go to a mount where the print of her foot was cut, and lie there pining and kissing of it all the day long, till at length death in some months' space concluded his languishments.'

When the colonel first arrived at Richmond, Mrs. Hutchinson discovers some solicitude to shew that she was not the only candidate for his heart, and she assures us that he was every where invited, and was 'nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers.' But their attempts to ensnare him were in vain, and the growing inclination for his future wife, which arose in him almost unknown to himself, our authoress is much disposed to attribute to the direct interference of the Lord. However this might be, we contemplate with satisfaction the conduct of the colonel to Mrs. H. when on the eve of their marriage she was seized with the small pox, and greatly deformed for the time. 'Yet,' says the narrative, 'he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered as well as before.'

After the marriage of colonel Hutchinson he began to find himself in pecuniary difficulties, and the remedy by which he proposed to remove this evil was one rather extraordinary for a man of his republican principles, and love for the independence and rights of the people. It was no other than to purchase a place in that arbitrary court the star-chamber: and though the attempt miscarried by a mere accident, it is not remarked by Mrs. Hutchinson as in the least inconsistent with his general line of conduct. The only inference which she draws is of the particular interference of God's providence in his behalf, in preventing him from purchasing a place which was speedily to be abolished by the authority of parliament.

At this place we observe an exceedingly clear though abridged view of the progress and state of religion, which is followed by a similar view of the civil constitution of Eng-

land. In the course of the latter, the authoress developes with great sagacity the bad effects which arose to the monarchical power, from the fall or extinction of the great nobility. James I. is treated with considerable asperity, and his court is stigmatised as 'a nursery of lust and intemperance.' He had brought with him, says Mrs. H., a company of poor Scots, who coming into this plentiful kingdom, surfeited with riot and debaucheries, and got all the riches of the land only to cast away.' The description of the manners of the nation at this period, reminds us strongly of the style of Sallust, whose writings it frequently resembles no less in the form and structure of the sentences, than in the force and justness of the sentiments.

'Those sermonsonly were pleasing,' our authoress proceeds, 'that flattered them in their vices, and told the poor king that he was a Solomon, that his sloth and cowardice by which he betrayed the cause of God and honour of the nation, was gospel meekness and peaceableness, for which they raised him above the heavens, while he lay wallowing like a swine in the mire of his lust.'

The following extract gives a strong view of the light in which the republicans of these times regarded the court measures in politics and religion, and may serve, at the same time as a fair specimen of Mrs. Hutchinson's style.

'The king had upon his heart the dealings both of England and Scotland with his mother, and harboured a secret desire of revenge upon the godly in both nations, yet had not courage enough to assert his resentment like a prince, but employed a wicked cunning he was master of, and called king-craft to undermine what he durst not openly oppose, the true religion: this was fenced with the liberty of the people, and so linked together, that 'twas impossible to make them slaves, till they were brought to be idolators of royalty and glorious lust, and as impossible to make them adore these gods, while they continued loyal to the government of Jesus Christ. The payment of civil obedience to the king and the laws of the land satisfied not; if any durst dispute his impositions in the worship of God, he was presently reckoned among the seditious and disturbers of the public peace, and accordingly persecuted: if any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdom, or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppression of the subject, by a thousand ways invented to maintain the riots of the courtiers and the swarms of needy Scots, the king had brought in to devour like locusts the plenty of this land, he was a puritan: if any of mere morality and civil honesty discountenanced the abomination of these days he was a puritan; however he conformed to their superstitious worship; if any showed favor to any godly honest person, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent or unjust oppression, he was a puritan; if any gentleman in his country, maintained the

good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest, for good order or for government, he was a puritan; in short, all that crossed the views of the needy courtiers, the proud encroaching priests, the thievish projectors, the lewd nobility and gentry, whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribbald conversation, profane scoffs, sabbath breach, derision of the word of God, and the like; whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit, or conversation, or any thing good, all these were puritans; and if puritans, then enemies to the king, and his government, seditious, factious, hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and finally, the pest of the kingdom; such false logic did the children of darkness use to argue with against the hated children of light, whom they branded besides as an illiterate, morose, melancholy, discontented, crazed sort of men, not fit for human conversation; as such they made them not only the sport of the pulpit, which was become but a more solemn sort of stage, but every stage and every table, and every puppet play, belched forth profane scoffs upon them, the drunkards made them their songs, all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gainful way of fooling!

Mrs. Hutchinson considers Charles I. in a much more favourable point of view than his father, and she allows to him almost every virtue which can adorn the character of a private man, a strong testimony from the pen of an enemy. The editor, not to be behind-hand, assures us in a note, that 'the Stuarts sported with and ruined all religion:' a most extraordinary assertion! and which we should suppose it will not be easy to reconcile with the bigotted zeal of the second James, who lost every thing for conscience sake.

When the first disturbances broke out between the king and parliament, and the latter had recourse to arms, and appointed the earl of Essex to command their troops, it appears that colonel Hutchinson had some intention of joining him. But so much were the ablest men in those times under the influence of imaginary movements of the Spirit, that he was diverted from his purpose because he was uncertain of having a clear call. This scruple was however afterwards settled to his satisfaction, and he appeared as one of the most active opposers in arms of the royal pretensions. He was very soon appointed governor of Nottingham Castle by the parliament, which fortress he successfully defended during the whole course of the civil war with feeble means but undaunted courage and perseverance.

Mrs. Hutchinson in many places displays a considerable share of that asperity which never fails to heighten the miseries of every internal commotion in a country. We can-

not wonder that she should have felt and expressed a dislike to the favourers of kingly prerogative. But she extends her censures further, and includes in her animadversion many of the adherents of the republican cause, especially such of them as at any future period deserted their principles from what she considers as impure motives. Sir John Gell, Dr. Plumtree, and one Chadwick, are successively saluted with a torrent of abuse, of the foundation of which it is now a difficult task to judge. But in this instance at least we cannot implicitly trust to our source of information, nor can we here apply the maxim, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

Sir John Gell at the commencement of the disturbances rather leaned to the royal party, but in the progress of the quarrel changed his opinion, or at least his practice, so completely as to raise and command a regiment of horse in the service of the parliament. 'He himself,' says our authoress, 'no man knows for what reason, chose that side; for he had not understanding enough to judge of the equity of the cause, nor piety, nor holiness, being a foul adulterer all that time, and so unjust that he suffered his men indifferently to plunder, both honest men and cavaliers.' This personage, it further appears, was in the habit of inserting puffing articles regarding his prowess in the journals of those days. Once having no other intelligence regarding him, they informed the public that that valiant commander sir John Gell had taken a dragoon with a plush doublet. His greatest fault, however, plainly consisted in certain ill offices which he did to colonel Hutchinson, and for which he little dreaded to be thus held up to the odium of remote posterity.

Dr. Plumtree, a physician, and apparently an able man, also comes in for his share of disapprobation. That gentleman was little disposed to join in the enthusiastic and canting religion to which the authoress was perhaps sincerely devoted. For which misdemeanor he is charitably asserted by that lady to have been an 'horrible atheist.' Chadwick is treated with similar dislike, but greater scorn, though he had given the best possible mark of one kind of merit at least, by raising himself from the station of a scraper of trenchers to that of a judge in Ireland. It is in vain to talk of fortune and luck, there must have been both address and ability to enable men to avail themselves of what fortune put in his way. Mrs. Hutchinson, however, shows great power of delineating characters, which if they are not always perfectly just in every respect, are at least always striking, and seize the more prominent features with admirable skill. She asserts that Chadwick 'was so exquisite a villain that he destroyed those designs he might have thri-

ven by, with overlaying them with fresh knaveries.' After all it is certain that even in those days of bigotry there were many who assisted the republican cause from political views, without adopting the furious, but melancholy system of religion, which then prevailed among so great a portion of the nation.

The greatest part of the time of colonel Hutchinson during the civil war was spent in Nottingham Castle or in London. His military services were chiefly confined to the defence of that post. At an early period Cromwell appears, then a colonel in the parliamentary forces, and Hutchinson is introduced to his notice on an occasion when it was necessary to restrain the pillage of the troops: and it is here asserted that the former never forgot the unbending probity displayed by the latter on the occasion, and resolved to prevent Hutchinson from being in any power or capacity to pursue him to the same punishment if he deserved it. It is probable that the discerning mind of Cromwell soon discovered how unfit the hero of this volume was to be a party in his ambitious designs, and how adverse was his stubborn integrity, to the most splendid attempts which virtue and honour did not approve.

Sir Thomas Hutchinson dying about this time, deprived his son of great part of his natural inheritance, in favour of his offspring by a second marriage. Many supposed that he meant by this act to testify his disapprobation of the political conduct of colonel Hutchinson, but the notion is here strenuously combated. Tempting offers were about the same period made in the name of the king to colonel Hutchinson, which he unhesitatingly rejected. Many encounters and skirmishes are described in this part of the volume, which we must pass in silence. At last Nottingham castle is besieged, and our authoress turns out unexpectedly to be a very serviceable surgeon, and displays great skill in binding up wounds and distributing nostrums. The besiegers are at last obliged to retire in disgrace, and new dangers arise to the godly of Nottingham. Treachery is attempted and fails; and at last combustibles were laid in various convenient places with the design of burning the town. This scheme being detected and frustrated, fifty women were appointed to patrol the streets every night, and prevent such a misfortune from occurring. The editor here with great learning remarks, that probably this 'profitable use of the female sex was suggested by the watchfulness of the geese to save the Roman capitol, when besieged by the Gauls.' We are at a loss to determine whether this annotation should be regarded as most unhappy or most absurd.

A worse compliment to the ladies will not easily be devised, than to compare them to a flock of geese : and there are few qualities in which the fair sex are less conspicuous than in watchfulness. Fidelity, affection, and modesty, have been assigned to them by their admirers : inconstancy, giddiness, and insanity by their detractors, but female watchfulness rests on the sole and insufficient authority of the Rev. Julius the editor.

For many pages after this passage we must wade through long details of petty broils and skirmishes, hardly interesting when they actually occurred, and now of no value, but as affording a view of some of the more minute traits of national manners and feelings at that period. Colonel Hutchinson was himself exposed to a great deal of vexatious bickering with the committee of Nottingham. The 'Godly' were far from agreeing in any thing but the destruction of their kingly and episcopal foes, and the sects of which they were composed hated each other with a religious cordiality. Accordingly in this part of the work the authoress declaims against the opposers of her husband's measures and authority, and many invectives are discharged at the malignant, malicious, and refractory presbyterians, who had begun to fear the rising influence of the independents. They were unable however to displace the colonel, who continued to command at Nottingham till the king committed the unwise act of delivering the care of his person to the Scots; though it was hard to have conceived before-hand the possibility of a brave and loyal nation incurring the scandalous disgrace of not only abandoning, but selling their king to his enemies. After this event Colonel Hutchinson proceeded to London to attend his duty in parliament.

It is only a very general and imperfect sketch that we can here pretend to give of the contents of the work now before us. We are necessarily obliged to pass over many parts, which though not devoid of considerable attraction, are yet of less importance or interest than those to which we have alluded. The reader therefore will not feel any surprise to observe many gaps in our critique of this performance, which do not occur in the work itself. After returning from London, Colonel Hutchinson had another interview with Cromwell at Nottingham, on his march against the Duke of Hamilton in the north. That artful and sagacious usurper then demanded of the colonel what his friends the levellers or independents thought of him? It appears that Cromwell's character had become an object of suspicion to all parties about this time. Colonel Hutchinson very frankly told him all the ill, not only which others

thought, but what he himself had conceived of him, and represented to him how much it would darken all his glories if he gave the reins to his inordinate ambition. Cromwell heard, and professed to resolve to follow his advice, but ever after made it his particular business to keep Hutchinson out of the army.

It was now that Col. H. had it in his power to be of essential service to many noblemen and gentlemen in Nottinghamshire, whose estates ran great danger of being either wholly forfeited, or heavily mulcted on pretence of their delinquency, as it was called. It is melancholy to observe how very ill these favors were requited, when afterwards the adverse party became possessed of authority. The very men now spared through this interference were the first to persecute him in his distresses. We have already noticed, that Colonel Hutchinson sat on Charles I. as one of his judges, and signed the warrant for his execution. It is probable that he was chosen against his own will; and that his name was used by the dominant party to afford a colour to their proceedings. So high was the character of this gentleman for virtue, honor, and every noble principle, that they who resolved on the death of the king, thought his countenance of the utmost importance to justify their measures in the eyes of the people. That the judges, however wrong in other respects, at least acted conscientiously, will probably appear evident from the following extract:

‘ In January 1648 the court sat, the king was brought to his trial, and a charge drawn up against him for levying war against the parliament and people of England, for betraying their public trust reposed in him, and for being an implacable enemy to the commonwealth. But the king refused to plead, disowning the authority of the court, and after three several days persisting in contempt thereof he was sentenced to suffer death. One thing was remarked in him by many of the court, that when the blood spilt in many of the battles where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles, looks, and gestures, which rather expressed sorrow, that all the opposite party to him was not cut off, than that any were: and he stuck not to declare in words, that no man’s blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the Earl of Strafford. The gentlemen that were appointed his judges, and divers others, saw in him a disposition so bent in the ruin of all that opposed him, and of all the righteous and just things they had contended for, that it was upon the consciences of many of them, that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue by their suffering him to escape when God had brought him into their hands. Although the malice of the malignant party

and their apostate brethren seemed to threaten them, yet they thought they had to cast themselves upon God, while they acted with a good conscience for him and their country. Some of them, after to excuse, belied themselves, and said they were under the awe of the army, and overpersuaded by Cromwell, and the like: but it is certain that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled: and as there were some nominated in the commission, who never sat, and others, who sat at first, but durst not hold on, so all the rest might have declined it if they would, when it is apparent they should have suffered nothing by so doing. For those who then declined were afterwards, when they offered themselves, received in again, and had places of more trust and benefit than those who run the utmost hazard; which they deserved not, for I know upon certain knowledge, that many, yea the most of them, retreated not for conscience, but for fear and worldly prudence, foreseeing that the insolency of the army might grow to that height as to ruin the cause, and reduce the kingdom into the hands of the enemy, and then those who had been most courageous in their country's cause, should be given up as victims. These poor men will privately animate those who appeared most publicly, and I knew several of them in whom I lived to see that saying of Christ fulfilled, "He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that for my sake will lose his life shall save it;" when after it fell out that all their prudent declensions saved not the lives of some of them, nor the estates of others. As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet here being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that, if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in that great transaction, he would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right enlightened conscience, and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conference with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king. Although he did not then believe but it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth, and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies, and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalize his favour afterwards to him.

After this transaction Colonel Hutchinson was chosen a member of the counsel of state, and it was proposed to provide some place of trust and emolument for him. The government of Hull was chosen for this purpose, but he refused to ac-

cept of it when he understood that it was not vacant, but occupied by a worthy man, whom it would be necessary to turn out on some false pretences. Cromwell was additionally offended at this instance of squeamishness so little suitable to his system of proceedings. That usurper affected to receive the plain and unpleasing language of our hero, as proofs of his integrity and friendship, and under the mask of that civility, which he knew so well how to assume, disguised his real sentiments of dislike. An example is given in this place of the hypocritical manners of the times, in the conduct of General Harrison. The Spanish ambassador was to have a public audience of the House of Commons on a certain day; on the one immediately preceding which Colonel Hutchinson and many other members were richly dressed, as was their usual practice; Harrison with a solemn countenance addressing himself particularly to the colonel, admonished them all, that now the nations sent to them, they should labour to shine before them in wisdom, piety, righteousness, and justice, and not in gold and silver and worldly bravery, which did not become saints. Colonel Hutchinson though not internally convicted of 'any unbecoming bravery,' came next day in a plain black suit. Harrison, however, appeared in a scarlet coat and cloak covered with lace and glittering ornaments, and set himself directly under the speaker's chair, which induced the spectators to put a very unfavourable construction on his godly speeches of the preceding day. 'But!' says our authoress, 'this was part of his weakness; the Lord at last lifted him above these poor earthly elevations, which then and sometime after prevailed too much against him.' It must be confessed that Harrison behaved on a future occasion with the most undaunted resolution, which only wanted a more respectable motive to have commanded the admiration of the world.

When Cromwell had fairly seized on the reins of government, and possessed himself not only of the real but the ostensible authority, Mrs. Hutchinson vents her republican mortification in sarcasms on the vanity and ridiculous pretensions of the wives, and female connexions of the successful candidates for power. After the death of Ireton, Cromwell's son in law, who had been deputy in Ireland, his widow it appears met the wife of Lambert the new deputy in St. James's park, which latter lady, as proud as her husband, according to the rules of precedence, took place of the former, who notwithstanding her great piety and humility was a little grieved at the affront. The consequence of this female broil however was the removal of Lambert from

his appointment. The following account is given of the manners of Cromwell's family and court :

‘ His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape ; only to speak truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things, but the rest were insolent fools. Cleypeole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry were two debauched ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers every where fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor-spirited gentry.’

It was at this period that Colonel H. had the generosity to discover to Cromwell the existence of a conspiracy against his person and authority, and to enable him to disconcert the projects formed to overturn his government ; at the same time he steadily refused to communicate the names of the persons engaged in the attempt. Cromwell overwhelmed him with acknowledgments, and again solicited him to join the dominant party, demanding why he would not act along with them. Hutchinson plainly told him ‘ because he liked not their ways.’ It is amusing to observe the hypocrisy of the protector, which had at this period of his life become so habitual to him as to require no longer an effort. On this reply he burst into tears, and complained how he had been ‘ hurt upon those violent actions’ which were the subject of so much blame. If we required any evidence of the talents of Colonel Hutchinson, and the consideration in which he was universally held we should find it in the repeated attempts of Cromwell to seduce him to his party. That celebrated usurper excelled particularly in the choice of his agents.

After the dissolution of the protectorate, Colonel Hutchinson distinguished himself by opposing an oath of renunciation of the Stuarts. He justly considered it a foolish thing to attempt to ‘ swear out,’ any man, and it cannot be doubted that after the restoration he did not fare the worse for his opposition on this occasion. The authoress at this place acknowledges, with some reluctance and spite, the vehement desire of all orders of people for the re-establishment of the

monarchical government. That event speedily took place, and the fortunes of the colonel experienced a sudden and fatal reverse. Of all the king's judges, however, he at first alone received a complete indemnity, and considered himself in a state of security for the remainder of his life. But he had not ceased to be an object of suspicion; and compliances were expected and demanded of him inconsistent with the feelings of a man of religion and honour.

He was summoned as a witness against the other regicides, but his testimony was honourable to himself and useless to his adversaries. About the same time claims were set up against his estate, which occasioned him much trouble, and involved him in very considerable expence. Some valuable pictures which he had bought, and paid for at the public auction of the effects of Charles I. were seized and carried off without any compensation. At last he was permitted to retire to his seat in Nottinghamshire, but with singular imprudence he was not contented to live in peaceful obscurity, but encouraged that seditious preaching which was in those days one of the most powerful engines of politics. It appears indeed from various passages that the revival of their cause was confidently expected by the republican party, who were not yet sated with tumults and confusion. In consequence of his conduct Colonel H. was apprehended, and confined first at Nottingham, and afterwards in the Tower of London, in which a great multitude of prisoners were detained, without much regard to the justice or legality of the proceedings against them. In our time we should consider similar practices as instances of the most unbearable tyranny. The persons confined in the Tower were far from meeting kind or even civil treatment from their keepers, and if the resentment of our authoress has not distorted the facts, the ostentatious lenity which was shewn by the royalist to the more guilty of their antagonists was in reality only a more refined and civil mode of revenge.

After a long imprisonment and some examination by the secretary of state, Bennet, of which a ludicrous account is given, Colonel Hutchinson was removed from the Tower to the castle of Sandowne in Kent. His accommodations there were very indifferent, and every circumstance so unfavourable that his health speedily broke, and he expired in the 49th year of his age, after being eleven months in this last place of confinement. To those who consider loyalty to the monarch as indispensable to the existence of any virtue in the breast of man nothing need be said of the character of this personage. Loyalty he neither possessed, nor wished to possess; but in all other respects he appears to have been a

great and amiable man. The features of the times have changed; former objects of political dispute are now, we may hope, finally settled to the satisfaction of all, and the theories of the present reign admit the most important doctrines of the ancient whigs in their most desirable extent. At a later period it is probable that Colonel Hutchinson would have distinguished himself as a loyal patriot; his faults and errors were not his but those of his age, and flowed from his head and not from his heart.

The editor, as we have already observed, is not a little delighted with this volume, which by his care has thus found its way into the world. He fervently recommends it to readers of various classes with the most disinterested kindness. The ladies are assured that it is as good as any novel and moreover much truer. The politicians, that it contains many new or at least curious facts, and the readers of biography, who are conveniently multiplied into the most numerous class of readers, that their wishes here will be completely gratified. It is however a very good though a very dear book, and for the former of these qualities we forgive a little of this unnecessary and hardly becoming amplification on its merits. The new facts which are disclosed in this work are, according to the editor, not only numerous but important, and he affords a list of twenty-nine passages, where the historian may glean new stores to enrich his future pages. We cannot entirely agree with him in this respect; and it appears to us that the information to be gathered from this work is rather of what he himself calls the minute ramifications of events of the temper of parties, and of the more delicate traits of national manners, than of those important incidents to which the editor would allude. It is not clear to us that his own knowledge of history is of that extensive and accurate kind, which should enable him at all times to determine with certainty when the circumstances here recorded are new, and when they are unimpeachably correct. Mrs. Hutchinson though certainly an able was not always a candid and impartial spectator of the passing scenes. We do not assert that her memoirs contain no new facts of interest and importance; in some cases they undoubtedly do and often present to us those already known in a more distinct and amusing light. But the very causes that have produced intentional falsehood or involuntary distortions of the truth in other cases operated with peculiar force in the person of this lady. As an independent in religion, as a republican in politics, and as the wife of Colonel Hutchinson she must necessarily be suspected of various and strong biases which unknowingly to itself may lead even a vir-

tuous and strong mind to misrepresent the real state of affairs—

‘All sins yellow to the jaundiced eye.’

One of the instances brought forward by the editor of the new views given by Mrs. Hutchinson, is at p. 57, where it is stated that the fear of a catholic successor to the crown of England, was the real reason of the protestants urging Queen Elizabeth to order the execution of Mary of Scotland. We believe she was urged nothing loath, and her miserable hypocrisy upon that occasion only adds to the disgust we naturally entertain for so inhuman and unjust an action. But for the novelty of this assertion, we have only to refer to the speech of Mary herself to Burgoin her physician.

‘They pretend, (said she,) that I must die because I conspired against the queen’s life: but the Earl of Kent avowed, that there was no other cause of my death, but the apprehensions, which, if I should live, they entertain for their religion. My constancy in the faith is my real crime: the rest is only a colour invented by interested and designing men.’

After reading this, it will not again be pretended that Mrs. Hutchinson had the merit of discovering or first recording his opinion of the cause of the execution of the Scots queen.

Several of the editor’s twenty-nine instances of the inventions of his great grand-aunt-in-law, we have had occasion to advert to in the course of our observations on the work. It is no discovery of that lady as he imagines, that kings love episcopacy as one support of their authority. Every body knows that it was for that reason alone, or chiefly, that both Charles I. and his father supported the establishment of the church of England. Nor is another of those passages entitled to the praise bestowed on it, for affirming that the yeomanry were the great support of the republicans. As far as it is true, it is not new. We all know that a few lords, a good many gentry, and the mass of the middle ranks, supported the parliament. The editor’s remark, that Ireland has never recovered from the depopulation occasioned by the civil wars, and by the king’s bringing over Irish troops, to fight his cause in England, is too absurd to require a refutation. Surely our sister island never contained near the number of inhabitants at any period that it does at present. We again repeat however, that we do not mean to deny that in some of the instances quoted, Mrs. Hutchinson has really thrown out suggestions regard-

ing the cause of events which are not to be found in other works.

Our opinion of the merits of this performance may be easily gathered from the foregoing pages, and from the ample space which we have devoted to its consideration. As a political record, we regard it as a valuable addition to our stock of original documents, as containing an interesting and minute view of many important transactions, and as affording to the reader a juster sketch of the hearings and feelings of the parties, which in those days contended for the government of England, than he will elsewhere readily procure. But perhaps its greatest merit will be allowed to rest on its excellency as a literary composition. The story is interesting in the highest degree: the actors are brought before the eye in the liveliest colours. We join in their feelings, and are drawn along by an irresistible impulse. The editor has not exaggerated, where he recommends his book to the ladies, as more entertaining than most novels. Of the style, we have enabled the reader to judge by various extracts. It is undoubtedly entitled to the praise of vigour and elegance; and will not be easily matched amongst the writings of our elder authors. We hope that the public will soon be indulged with an edition of a more convenient magnitude, of less superb embellishments, and of a price not altogether so costly.

ART. VIII.—*Practical Observations concerning Sea-bathing. To which are added Remarks on the Use of the Warm Bath. By A. P. Buchan, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians, London. 8vo. Cadell.*

THE author of this treatise possesses some advantages for the task he has undertaken, which do not fall to the lot of every physician. The contents of his work have been gradually accumulating in the course of more than sixteen annual visits to various situations; frequented for the purpose of sea-bathing. His visits were made not in his professional character, but as an invalid endeavouring to shake off various states of languor and debility, resulting from an almost constant residence in London, and the exercise of a laborious and anxious profession. These circumstances would naturally fix his attention on points which might escape the notice of a superficial observer, or of one less interested in the subject of his speculations. If to his personal experience we add the knowledge he has been able to glean from others circumstanced like himself, and the information he has obtained from the works of preceding au-

thors, we are led to expect from his pen a valuable present to the invalid on a practice, to which, in the present time, either fashion or experience annexes very great importance.

The work is divided into eight chapters, comprehending most of the topics which attract the attention of our modern swarm of sea bathers.

The first chapter treats on cold bathing in general; on its immediate effects on the system, on the best criterion of its utility, and the permanent benefit to be expected from it when properly applied. He has introduced some other matters, which, if not immediately connected with the subject, are at least not foreign to it; and has interwoven several physiological remarks on the most striking phenomena produced by the operation of bathing.

In some experiments instituted by Dr. Currie, he found the number of pulsations of the arteries decrease by cold immersion regularly from ten to fifteen beats in the minute, the pulse becoming at the same time firm, regular, and small. But the effects are not uniform in every subject. Dr. Buchan informs us that,

‘In the summer of 1800, I tried a number of experiments on my own person. In the morning, previous to bathing my pulse was on an average seventy-two; while in the water, I could never perceive the artery beat; but the number of pulsations of the heart as measured by a stop-watch, always exceeded a hundred *per minute*, and often amounted to a hundred and twenty. Even after remaining in the water, at the temperature of 60°, for more than an hour, the quickness of the pulse did not diminish, although towards the latter part of the time, when I began to feel chilly, the pulsation of the heart became evidently more feeble.’

But in another person the effect was conformable to the observation of Dr. Currie; and it is therefore evident that these varieties depend on differences of constitution.

After emerging from the bath, a glowing warmth is generally produced over the surface of the body, and this sensation is justly considered as a criterion of the eventual utility of the practice. The heat of the body is not in this case really augmented. To account for this phenomenon, Dr. B. refers it to a general law of nature, viz. that ‘the influence of any external impression on the living body being for a time suspended, it will operate with increased energy when its action is renewed.’ We doubt whether this explanation is correct. We think it rather depends upon the power which the system possesses within certain limits, of counteracting all painful impressions, and which does not cease immediately on the removal of the impressions. The

cold therefore being removed, the action of the system continuing produces the sensation of heat.

The second chapter on the time of bathing contains some judicious remarks; but the apprehension he expresses of disturbing the digestion, by going into the sea soon after breakfast is carried much too far. Persons of weakly constitutions cannot, we are persuaded, adopt a better time for bathing than within an hour or two after taking their first meal.

For the sake of our fair readers, whose natural dread of immersion is much aggravated by the terrific manner in which it is commonly performed, we transcribe Dr. B.'s opinion on this subject :

'When circumstances permit the practice, to plunge head foremost into the water is generally advised as the best mode of bathing. It appears difficult to discover either the principle on which this method is founded, or the purpose which it is supposed to answer. A person desirous of bathing for the sake of cleanliness or of pleasure whose mind was free from the influence of any previous tuition, on reaching the margin of the main or a river, would strip and walk leisurely into the water, till a depth suited to his purpose was attained. What should induce those who bathe for the purpose of invigorating the constitution or the recovery of health to make this violent and unnatural exertion, it is truly difficult to surmise. But I am inclined to think, that some of the kinds of head ach attributed to bathing, in reality originate from this precipitant plan of immersion.'

On the subject of the 'Complaints in which Sea-bathing is beneficial,' we have met but little satisfaction. Of these scrofula leads the van, a disease in which, to say the least, its effects are very precarious. Mr. Hunter, we know, conceived the sea to have some specific powers in scrofulous complaints. But to this idea the frequency of such complaints in many sea-port towns, is an inseparable objection. And where benefit is really gained, it is more frequently by using it as a warm or a tepid bath, than by immersion in the open water. Rickets, the convulsions of children, hooping-cough, epilepsy, chorea, hysteria, nervous diseases, aphthous sore throat, paralytic affections, excessive perspirations, inordinate menstrual discharges, protracted intermittent fevers, chronic inflammation of the eyes, chronic rheumatism, and irritability and weakness the result of the use of mercurial medicines, are the complaints in which Dr. Buchan apprehends sea-bathing to be principally useful.

But what will do good when properly used will certainly do mischief if misapplied. Dr. B. has therefore very properly added a chapter 'on some of the bad effects of sea-

bathing.' That it is injurious in inflammatory complaints has been generally allowed. But in cutaneous diseases it has by some been much recommended. Dr. Buchan informs us, that as far as his experience has enabled him to form a correct judgment, such diseases are not only not benefited, but in general they are rendered worse. In pulmonary consumption also, not only bathing, as may be readily believed, is dangerous, but Dr. B. is convinced that even breathing the sea air tends to accelerate the fatal termination of this complaint. This opinion, if just, should be universally known, when so many invalids, labouring under this complaint, are annually repairing to the south-west coast of the island. Probably the acrimony of the sea spray may irritate the delicate texture of consumptive lungs. If so, situations should be chosen which have the advantage of a mild and uniform temperature, but still be so remote from the sea shore as to be free from this inconvenience.

The work contains three other chapters, on the internal use of sea water, on sea breezes, and on the use of the warm bath. The last is of some extent, and comprehends an account of the diseases in which it is useful, and proper directions for its application. On the whole, though we do not think the physiology of this work very correct, nor the philosophy very profound, it contains much agreeable and useful information, and that its author merits the thanks of that large portion of the community, who periodically exchange the smoke of our crowded cities for the refreshing breezes of the numerous bathing places, which adorn the shores of our sea-girt islands.

ART. IX.—*Remarks on the Trade with Germany, respectfully submitted to the Merchants and others, both here and abroad, interested in this important Branch of Commerce.*
Richardson. 1806.

SINCE the publication of this pamphlet, so many and so important changes have taken place in the situations of the continental powers relatively to one another and to Great Britain, and in the situation of Great Britain relatively to that of the continent, that the question as to the best mode of regulating our continental intercourse is already become obsolete and is superseded by the new and unexpected necessity under which we find ourselves placed of relinquishing, or, at least, suspending those commercial transactions, which form the subject of the enquiry before us.

In consequence of this change of circumstances it is become unnecessary for us to enter as fully, as we should have otherwise have thought it our duty to enter, into a question of interest and importance. We shall, however, not entirely pass it over, both, because we cannot persuade ourselves that these revolutions will have any permanent effects, and because some of the topics are interesting and important in a general point of view.

The pamphlet, though in a bad stile, is written with spirit and from very laudable and patriotic motives. Its capital error seems to be that of constituting into general principles some few and particular facts which have come within its author's more immediate observation. By pointing out some inconveniences which may have arisen to the incautious and imprudent speculator, it labours to prove positions which are clear and evident, and by which the proceedings of the generality of merchants must have been long governed, so as to have allowed the continuance of any dealings with the continent. It assumes this principle that the English merchants have long been sufferers in their commerce with Germany, and then proceeds to explain the causes of the great and continued evils to which they have been exposed. We might set out with denying this assumption, and thus put an end to a discussion founded on mistaken data. It might be rendered probable from analogy, and the principles of common sense, that all intercourse would long ago have been interrupted, had the matter been as here represented, and we might proceed a step farther and demonstrate that the English merchant has not, on the whole, been a sufferer from these or any other assignable causes, but on the contrary, has grown richer by the continuance of this commerce. We shall, however, in a few words state the views of our author as they may furnish a useful lesson to such as at the commencement of their mercantile career are not aware of the danger, to which their ignorance on those subjects may expose them.

The grand source of our supposed misfortunes appears to be the excessive credit and confidence, which the English merchant gives to the continent and to Germany in particular, in which there exists no law to oblige the native merchants to fulfil their contracts with foreigners. This position is particularly enforced with regard to the inland merchants, one class of whom it is asserted, during the various revolutions which have every where taken place, has found constant excuses for withholding the money due to the

English creditors, while another has availed itself of many plausible pretexts for bankruptcies, which have excluded the English speculator from his due returns. This confidence and credit on our parts, has, if we may believe our author, increased instead of diminishing under this important change of circumstances, notwithstanding the principles of dishonesty and immorality which have every where been disseminated on the continent. It is recommended as a remedy to this evil to confine our commercial dealings to the seaports, which offer much greater security than the towns in the interior of the country. The merchants at Hamburgh, notwithstanding many frauds, which are still said to exist in this port, are allowed to be generally the fairest and most able in Germany. At Hamburgh there is likewise a law which obliges the resident merchants to fulfil their contracts with foreigners, though even here not rigorously enforced.

Ignorance is pointed out as a frequent and destructive cause of the losses of our merchants. It appears that a retailer in Germany has no idea of the duties respectively belonging to, and to be imposed on an agent or speculator. Upon this subject our author has enlarged very satisfactorily.

The evils to which we are exposed in Hamburgh are said to be the following :

1. Fraud in weighing sugars, &c.
2. The want of a permanent and efficient discount bank.
3. The numerous insurance companies, which, besides underwriters, amount to three dozen, whose nominal fund is thirty millions marks banco.
4. The general habit of lending capitals on deposit to young merchants, and of lending money on receiving merchandise, as coffee or sugar for security.
5. The bankrupt laws, by which foreign creditors are robbed, annuities are rendered not liable, and the wives' fortune is secure, if not married longer than five years.

The trade in Hamburgh, it is further stated, has been very much injured from two causes.

1. The immense, unexpected, and sudden importation of commodities (*a*), from the fondness of the English for consignment, which annuls all foreign orders, and ruins the trade, as its most favourable consequence is that of inducing the foreign merchant to transact a conto meta (*b*) ; the immense trade of neutrals with the property of the enemy, and the produce bought of that quarter.

2. The small demand, from different causes (*a*) ; the lessened consumptions ; (*b*) , the exclusion of the Hamburgh agent, who,

as every thing in Hamburgh is sold for ready money only, receives, accepts, and is able to execute very few orders from the interior of Germany.

It is unnecessary for us to repeat that the influence of these causes has been much less considerable than our author supposes, if it be even admitted that they have had any influence at all on the general trade of the country.

The most important part of this work is that which alludes to the impolicy, to omit the injustice and oppression of the revenue laws as at present existing in this country. We shall conclude by inserting our author's description of the difficulties and danger to which these laws, or their allowed abuse, expose every branch of our commerce, and which are equally injurious and dishonourable to Great Britain. In speaking of coffee, he says, p. 40.

' After purchase, the casks or bags of coffee must be weighed, which cannot be done so expeditiously as may be wished, as it is done in regular rotation: and, consequently, the purchasers must frequently submit to a very tedious succession. The coffee lays in warehouses, under the joint locks of his majesty's custom and excise, and is weighed twice by officers appointed by these branches of government, to do justice between seller and buyer. These persons surely have no interest in giving false weights. The merchant exporter must take the weight as given by these officers, and *he is not allowed to attend the weighing himself.*

' The documents for shipping are then found agreeable to the king's weight; and here I shall perhaps, surprize many of my readers both here and abroad, in saying that from *one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty* documents, papers, certificates, &c. some of them very troublesome, are wanted to export *about 15 lots* of different marks of coffee, and which proves the distressing truth, that, in so great a mercantile town, the managers of most important branches of commerce, instead of simplifying business, do all in their power, it would seem, to create intricacy, delays, and risks, perfectly inimical to the good of the merchant, and consequently to the state, and which I cannot suppose would be tolerated, if they were known to government. The guardians of such branches of government, as the custom and excise, ought, no doubt, to be extremely jealous of the revenue; but the method of raising it by intricacy and labour, is the worst that can be adopted. The merchant who abolishes his unnecessary, and simplifies his remaining books and regulations, is not, surely, the worse for it. The *merchants in this important line* do not seem inclined to make remonstrances to government; for the complaint of one cannot be attended to. It is the office of clerks to make the entries at the custom-house; they labour, which to ameliorate does not enter one's mind any more than the importance of the subject itself, or otherwise the grievances would have been long since removed; for what is of greater impor-

tance in speculative transactions, than promptitude and simplicity ? Many speculations of the fairest prospect have been annihilated, by being often obliged to wait almost a month after purchase before coffee could be shipped; and many a parcel has on this very account been thrown upon the hands of the agents in London, where exclusively these delays take place.

‘ It cannot be sufficiently regretted that in the custom-house and excise-systems, the *convenience* of the merchant is the last thing which enters the minds of the managers of those concerns. The business has been done thus, when we imported 2000 casks *per annum*, and thus it must continue unaltered, although we import now twenty times the quantity which we then did, nor will the country feel it, while the comparison of these trades is principally confined to England, but whenever peace (such a one as the last) again throws this commerce into various other channels, the foreigner will rather give 3 or 4 per cent. more to have his coffee from France or Holland, where the regulations of these trades are less clogged.

‘ Nor does the government know that by the intricacy of the customhouse, &c. regulations in this article, the revenue is a considerable loser, for the delays which occur in the shipment of coffee, gives peculiar opportunities and leisure to lightermen, watchmen, &c. to rob the merchant and the revenue; for a merchant encounters so much useless labour at the custom-house and excise (that promptitude being a primary object) he is glad to have his coffee in the lighter any how. Whereas, if the business in the offices were easy, he would have more time and inclination to be vigilant in conducting the coffee from the warehouse to the ship.

‘ For example, what is the use of the searcher (*a custom-house officer*) weighing, and, if deficient, seizing the coffee, or other goods, on the dock wharf, the moment it is let down from the warehouse, which is under the especial care of *other custom-house officers* ? The custom house thus distrusts *their own house*, for surely the *warehouse is theirs, of which they have the key*. A suspicion not equable to common sense. This mistrust does not exist towards the East India warehouses, which are at greater distances from the eyes of the searchers or other custom-house officers, and is therefore not very creditable to the West India Dock Company, and ought to cause their most strenuous remonstrances. If, with the warrant in the hand, (this document being made a final one before the sale, something like an East India warrant) we could receive coffee on demand, there is hardly a prudent merchant who would not send a confidential person of his own with the lighter until the goods are safe on board. These persons, (or even officers, if the revenue chose to appoint a sufficient number for that purpose) *would take care* to have the lighters discharged soon; whereas, now they lay, sometimes for days and nights, an easy prey to the plunderers of the revenue and the merchant. Many of these observations will apply to raw sugar and other articles.’

ART. X.—*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, by Alexander Molleson. Glasgow. Chapman. 1806.

NEARLY half of these *Miscellanies* consists of a republication of the author's *Essay on Music*, with remarks upon the various criticisms that have appeared upon it; the most unfavourable of these critiques is printed on the page opposite to the author's rejoinder, and the compound is entitled a *Critical duett*, of which we shall not disturb the harmony. But the *Essay* itself is so mixed up of truth and paradox that it may be worth the while to make a few remarks upon it.

The imitative, or, to use a more popular and intelligible term, the expressive powers of melody depend, says Mr. M. upon the similarity between the proportion which musical notes bear to the key-note, and that which the tones of passion have to the ordinary pitch of the voice; in other words, music excites emotion in the mind by copying the impassioned tones and inflexions of the human voice in speaking. This theory, though by no means new, is ingenious, and perhaps in some degree just. But the continuous sliding powers of the human voice in speech are so delicate that no one has hitherto ventured to trace the fancied resemblance in particular melodies. Mr. Twining has some good remarks upon the subject in his treatise on the imitative Powers of Music, prefixed to his translation of Aristotle's *Art of Poetry*. But if the above resemblance be the principle of musical expression, it is by no means the only source of the pleasure we receive from simple melodies. The artificial movement of the rhythm has its share in producing the pleasure, if not in exciting the affection. The contemplation of variety combined with regularity, and simplicity with intricacy, has also a great effect to make melody pleasurable.

The antients, it is now generally supposed, were ignorant of the modern arts of complicated harmony, such as figured counterpoint, the resolution of discord, baulking of cadences, &c. Yet we hear of great effects ascribed to their music. Most writers either disbelieve these marvellous stories entirely, or attribute them to the sublimity of the poetry which it accompanied. At any rate Mr. M. makes a very bold inference, when he concludes, on the strength of these vague accounts, that simple melody has greater influence over the feelings than when accompanied. For in the first place, are we perfectly sure that harmony also by different intervals cannot in some degree excite emotions? We believe that the sprightly expression of a major third and the pensive one of a minor third, noticed by Mr. M. are at least as sensible when the notes are sounded together as when in suc-

cession. But, omitting this, which if granted would totally overthrow our author's system, are accounts transmitted of the effects of the Grecian modes, upon the Greeks, to be implicitly admitted as the measure whereby we are to judge of the absolute expressive power of their melodies? An ear for eloquence or poetry does not necessarily imply an ear for music, nor can actual impressions form a test of musical expression unless we first know to what degree the ears of the hearer are refined. Play a lively dance to a Laplander and he will caper and dance like one of his own witches, yet the modulation may have little or no intrinsic merit. The truth is that the efficacy of music to excite emotions is in a great measure relative, depending on the hearer's taste still more than on the melody itself. Upon the whole we are Gothics enough to question whether, if Timotheus himself were to rise again in Glasgow and pass from the Lydian to the Dorian mode, it would produce upon Mr. M.'s nerves even an equal effect with the Caledonian rant "or Fy gae rub her o'er wi' strae," aided by the magic of association.

That simplicity of expression is too often overlaid by the parade of science in our symphonies, and sacrificed to the harlequin tricks of dexterity in our concertos, every person of any real taste for music will admit with Mr. M. But that therefore all harmony is to be banished from our public concerts and confined to practising parties of professional musicians, and that our melodies would be improved by the humble garniture of mere unisons or octaves, is a paradoxical notion contradictory to universal sense and feeling, and unworthy the pains of refutation. At the same time we acknowledge that Mr. M. has drawn up his observations with considerable neatness and precision of language. We would recommend to his perusal those letters of Mr. Davy of Onehouse which treat on the subject of modern music: *His* proposals for the improvement of our concerts are equally free from prejudice on the one hand and paradoxical innovation on the other.

The little miscellaneous pieces of poetry and prose which make up the rest of this volume are very so-so performances. His verses on infancy and youth contain here and there some natural thoughts naturally expressed, but not sufficient to redeem the rest. We advise him to consider the two following triplets:

' Pleas'd, round the childish totum would we run,	}
And Rex and Rosy keenly join'd the fun,	
And oft we twirl'd, and many pins were won.	
T' take them all! a younker loud would bawl—	
'Tis Nickle nothing! would another call—	
Scrambled a third, and slyly seiz'd them all.'	}

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*An historical View of the Rise and Progress of Infidelity, with a Refutation of its Principles and Reasoning ; in a Series of Sermons, preached for the Lecture founded by the Hon. Mr. Boyle, in the Parish Church of St. Mary Le Bow, from the Year 1802 to 1805. By the Rev. William Van Mildert, M. A. Rector of St. Mary Le Bow, London. In Two Volumes. 8vo. Rivington. 1806.*

MORE than a century has now elapsed since the foundation of Mr. Boyle's lecture ; the discourses preached on this occasion continued to be published for the space of nearly 50 years with little intermission ; and such was the accumulation of these labours, that in the year 1739 they were collected into three large folio volumes, comprising a most valuable body of divinity. Since that period, although it appears that the lecture has been constantly preached, few only of its productions have been submitted to the public eye, but among them are some of distinguished excellence. The last of these was published in the year 1783.

A desire to revive an attention to this eminently useful institution has been a principal motive in giving to the public the present volumes, which reflect the greatest credit on the author. They form indeed a compendious, yet a complete body of theology, enabling the Christian 'to give an answer to every man that asketh the reason of the hope that is in him.'

We shall endeavour to give our readers a succinct abstract of the plan of these lectures, and shall then lay before them a passage from the 16th discourse, vol. ii, which will enable them to judge of the talents of this very respectable writer. From the sentence passed by the Almighty upon the great adversary of mankind, Mr. Van Mildert understands that a prophetic declaration is given of a contest to be perpetually maintained between the Redeemer and the destroyer of souls, between the 'power of God unto salvation, and the power of Satan unto perdition.' He accordingly arranges the materials under two general heads, the historical and the argumentative. In the first part of these lectures a summary view is taken of the endeavours made to counteract the revealed will of God in the times antecedent to the Christian dispensation ; the perverseness both of Jews and Gentiles in their rejection of the Gospel, and their various efforts to overthrow it, from the time of Christ to the downfall of paganism in the Roman empire, is next considered ; the inquiry is then continued through the middle ages, when almost the whole world was overspread with Mahometan and Gothic barbarism : the new aspect

which infidelity assumed on the revival of letters, and the introduction of the protestant reformation follows: and lastly, having brought down the history of its progressive labours to the present day, the author considers what expectations may be justly entertained respecting the final issue of this tremendous contest. The historical view of the subject being closed, the second part embraces a general vindication of the grounds and principles of the Christian faith, in answer to the arguments most commonly urged against its authority and credibility.

In the management of all these subjects (considering that nothing new can be said, so often has the truth of the Christian religion been demonstrated by the clearest proofs) the author displays no inconsiderable skill and ingenuity. Having thus sketched the outlines of these lectures, we proceed to the extract above mentioned.

"Having urged such considerations as seem to deprive the philosopher of the only substitute for faith, which he can presume to offer, as an instructor in spiritual things, we are now to enquire whether it be reasonable to take *Faith* for our guide, and whether we can submit to it's direction, without degrading the dignity of our nature.

"Faith," says the Apostle to the Hebrews, "is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." It makes us acquainted with objects not discernible by the light of nature. It embodies, as it were, our hopes, and renders them substantial and certain. In our spiritual concerns, therefore, wherein "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," the necessity of "walking by Faith, not by Sight," appears to be self-evident. To creatures born for immortality, and ordained to live for ever in a future and invisible world, there must be many things to be "hoped for," and many things "not seen;" concerning which we may justly be solicitous, although they are not, and cannot be, the objects of our senses, nor discoverable by any exertion of our intellectual faculties. If, then, there be such things, with which it behoves us to be acquainted, and which it is natural for us to be exceedingly desirous of knowing, let the proficient in mere human science declare how we can attain to a knowledge of them *without faith*; or let him tell us, how we can be assured, that our future, as well as present, happiness does not depend on our entertaining right notions of them? Respecting the former of these questions, the philosophical unbeliever must disprove every thing that has hitherto been alledged as to the insufficiency of the light of nature to show us Divine truth:—respecting the latter, he must produce arguments to prove either the non-existence of spiritual and invisible things, or the impossibility of our being in any manner connected with them. In both instances, he will be found to act in contradiction to *analogical* reasoning, no less than to the principle which he endeavours to overthrow: For, the necessity of faith, or something similar to it, even in the common affairs of life, and in every branch of human science, has been insisted upon, with great strength of argument, by learned men: whence it has also been maintained, *a fortiori*, that in things *divine*, it is still more indispensable.

'We contend, therefore, for the reasonableness and the importance of faith, as the only principle on which a knowledge of theological subjects can properly be grounded, and because there is no inlet through which such knowledge can be communicated, but that of *Divine instruction*. And as Divine instruction can be of no effect, unless those to whom it is vouchsafed are willing to receive it, as necessarily and indisputably true, on account of the source whence it is derived, it follows, that all who renounce faith as their guide must be content to remain in ignorance of the truths thus imparted, however important or necessary they may be.

'We see, then, in what sense it is that faith and sight are properly opposed to each other. With human science, faith has little concern: that is to say, it is not the principle on which our assent to philosophical truth is founded, although without something similar to it we might often be obliged to remain sceptical and incredulous, respecting some of the most generally received and indisputable positions. Divine truth, on the other hand, depends as little upon sight, or sensible demonstration, for the certainty of its doctrines; since although our belief in revelation is necessarily connected with the evidence of sense and human testimony, (for, "*Faith*," says the apostle, "*cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God*") yet our assent to the truths so revealed, is grounded solely on the *authority* by which they are declared. Thus radically different in their principles are philosophical and theological knowledge. The subjects which each professes to investigate; the end which each proposes; and the media, through which each arrives at the desired information; are so manifestly dissimilar, that indiscriminately to confound them, or to make the deductions of the one serve as criteria of the truth of the other, appears to be as unphilosophical as it is irreligious.

DRAMA.

ART. 12.—*Tekeli, or the Siege of Mongatz, a Melo-Drame, in three Acts, as performed with distinguished Success at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, written by Theodore Hooke, Esq. Author of the Soldier's Return, Invisible Girl, Catch him who can, &c. 8vo. 2s. Baldwin. 1806.*

MR. Hooke has oftener than once drawn upon himself our animadversions; we are happy, however, in the present instance that it is in our power to bestow upon him a considerable share of applause. We think '*Tekeli*' to be the best production of the kind since the days of *Lodoiska*, and that the scene in the mill may rank among the happiest efforts of stage effect.

NOVELS.

ART. 13.—*Human Beings, a Novel, in three Volumes, by Francis Latham, Author of Men and Manners, the Mysterious Freebooter, &c. Crosby. 1807.*

THIS novel bears very few marks of the genius which dictated '*Men and Manners*,' a novel which gained some degree of popula-

city. The characters are insignificant, and the story improbable. The incident respecting the five hundred pound note, we remember to have read in the newspapers about two years ago, which indeed seem to be the main source from whence the author has derived his whole knowledge of 'human beings.' We willingly, therefore, acquit him of the crime of personal satire; under the imputation of which he is fearful of labouring, convinced that none of his readers or acquaintance will discover any resemblance to themselves in the picture. The moral reflections too are of such a nature, that we were more than once tempted to follow Lady Buckhurst's example, and pass over all the moralizing reflections, 'because,' as she said, 'those kind of sentences are dull and spoil the story.'

ART. 14.—*Charles Ellis, or the Friends, a Novel, comprising the Incidents and Observations occurring on a Voyage to the Brazils and West Indies, actually performed by the Writer, Robert Semple, Author of Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope. In two Volumes. 12mo. 9s. Baldwin.*

WHEN Robert Semple attempts to be witty he is invariably vulgar; when he attempts to describe the modesty of his hero, he is generally indecent; and the observations and incidents occurring on a voyage to the Brazils and West Indies, are too puerile and insignificant to justify any detail.

MEDICINE.

ART. 15.—*Commentaries on the Treatment of Scirrhi and Cancers from the earliest Period to the present; for the Purpose of pointing out a Specific for those Diseases on rational and scientific Principles. By William Thomas, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. Nichols. 1805.*

A VERY magnificent title to a very flimsy performance! The writer highly extols the knowledge of the ancients in these diseases, but without pointing out in what their excellency consists. The specific which is promised us is no more than the external use of arsenic, a substance which is already much applied by regular surgeons, and still more by empirics. We should have gladly received any information concerning the most proper mode of applying it in the various states of the disease; but this information (if he possesses it) Mr. Thomas has thought fit to withhold for a second pamphlet. If this be to contain no more original matter than the first, we would recommend the author to defer its publication *ad calendæ græcæ*.

ART. 16.—*Remarks on Mr. Birch's 'Serious Reasons for uniformly objecting to the Practice of Vaccination.' By James Moore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 1806.*

A VERY satisfactory reply, written with equal moderation and urbanity, to the pamphlet, which Mr. Birch has humorously called

his 'Serious Reasons.' Mr. M. has detected some misrepresentations of his opponent, and has applied some of his arguments (such as they are) to his own refutation. We wish to distinguish Mr. Birch from his coadjutors in a wretched and desperate cause, and hope, with Mr. Moore, that he will, as soon as possible, 'escape from the meagre herd of antivaccinists, and will mix with those respectable and most useful men, who adorn the sciences of medicine and surgery.'

ART. 17.—*The Medical Observer, No. I. On advertised or empirical Medicines, &c.* 8vo. Highley. 1806.

IT is intended that this work shall consist of two parts. That which is now before us contains an account of the composition of most of the popular quack medicines, with some curious anecdotes of the proprietors of them, and strictures on the blind and indiscriminate administration of powerful drugs. We believe that the intentions of the publication are laudable. Unfortunately, we do not expect much benefit from their labours. Quackery is the offspring of fraud, operating upon ignorance and credulity, and will, we fear, be as lasting as the causes which support it. We learn from this account that most of the celebrated nostrums are common pharmaceutical preparations a little disguised. The assertions here advanced are not, it is true, supported by any analytical proofs: but the writer or writers, it is obvious, are very well versed in pharmaceutical chemistry.

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*An Evening Walk in the Forest; a Poem descriptive of Forest Trees.* By a Lady. 12mo. Jordan and Maxwell. 1807.

A GENTLEMAN, who, for reasons which he himself best knows, styles himself Terræ Filius, has of late been publishing a work entitled *Werneria*, which was duly noticed by us, and in which he proposed to assist the mineralogical student by describing in verse, the nature, properties, and uses of earths and minerals. The fair author of the present work is possessed with a similar notion; and a belief that the memory of useful things may receive considerable aid by throwing them into verse, has induced her to clothe in rhyme and numbers the distinguishing characteristics of forest trees. Since this lady and Terræ Filius coincide so exactly in their pursuits and ideas—since they both unite a love of philosophical study with a mania of versifying, and a fondness of publishing, we are almost tempted to exclaim,

Sure such a pair was never seen,
So aptly form'd to meet by nature.

Though we highly reprobate the description of people commonly known by the name of match-makers, and think that marriages

are oftener prevented than brought about by their officious interference, yet as the names and characters of the present couple might never have reached the ears of each other, but for our interposition, the common parents and guardians of all literary adventurers, we shall hope to obtain the gratitude of both parties for thus introducing them to each other's notice. And it is to be hoped that their meeting may not be clouded by that ungallant disapprobation which, on a former interview of a similar nature, marked the features of Della Crusca when the enraptured Anna Matilda, till then known only by her poetic drivellings, rushed, full of the inspiration of love and poetry, into his arms. If the interview now proposed should turn out to their mutual satisfaction, we are convinced that they will have no room for disputation after marriage on the relative demerits of each other's poetry; they are 'Arcades ambo, et cantare pares.' Our Review for November last contained some specimens of the hero's poetical mineralogy. The following account of the elm will enable him to judge of the rival powers of his mistress:

'The elm loves a black and clayey soil;
Oft' by its roots, the peasant rests from toil;
For there the grassy tufts, profusely grow,
While, a fine sombre shade, its branches throw;
And in some countries, more than in the mead,
Horses and cattle on its leaves do feed.

'For steady props, the anc'ents oft' made use
Of elms, when the rich vine was too profuse
In growth luxuriant; hence the *Poet's Vine*,
Around her *Husband's Elm* was seen to twine.
Its wood is hard, and tough, and seldom fails,
In floors, in blocks, in axle-trees, and flails:
For carv'd, and ornamental work, 'tis good,
And long in keels, withstands the briny flood.
Near London, rows of tall trained elms stand,
For water-pipes, which much are in demand.

'A distinct spec'es of this tree abounds
Much in the North, 'mongst Scotland's hilly grounds,
Call'd the Witch Hazel, its depending boughs,
And longer leaves, so like the hazel grows.'

Upon the whole, in case of such an event as we have recommended, it is our duty to advise the lady to attend to the employments of 'domestic home' (to borrow an expression from herself) and bid adieu to the muses.

LAW.

ART. 19.—*A Practical Treatise of the Laws of Vendore and Purchasers of Estates.* By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden. 2d Edit. 8vo. Butterworth. 1806.

THIS is a performance which does great credit to the author's legal knowledge and powers of arrangement, and must prove of considerable use to the profession in which he is engaged. The present

edition is a great improvement on the first, containing many additional cases and some advantageous alterations in point of method. The subject of which it treats, in many parts admits of little precision or certainty. When once the courts of equity opened the door to evasions and modifications of the statute of frauds and perjuries with regard to the sale of estates, they created at once a larger field for doubt and litigation than is afforded by any other branch of our civil jurisprudence, and the contradictory opinions of the greatest of our lawyers on most of the points, which have arisen in consequence of this relaxation from the strict law of the land, leave little in the power of a commentator but to state the cases with fidelity, and discriminate them with judgment. This duty Mr. S. appears to have ably discharged, and we are pleased to find that he has availed himself of some decisions pronounced by Lord Redesdale during his chancellorship in Ireland, which seem calculated to enforce more certain and accurate rules on some of those points than have been universally acknowledged. Pursuing the same subjects, Mr. S. appears to have stated with learning and accuracy, the questions with respect to the admission of extrinsic evidence to vary or annul written instruments, to explain ambiguities, and to supply unintentional, as well as fraudulent defects and omissions in them. In the latter part of his work, some very valuable practical information will be found for the direction of the conveyancer; the author has displayed considerable ability in his consideration of the recent cases on general powers of appointment, and on the objections which the most eminent conveyancers have made to titles so circumstanced. It is needless to add that great and very proper use has been made by the author of Mr. Butler's notes in his edition of Coke upon Littleton; but much of the excellent matters contained in those notes appears to new advantage under Mr. S.'s arrangement. He has also introduced several arguments and abstracts of arguments from opinions of eminent counsel and conveyancers on cases submitted to their consideration, a practice deserving of more general adoption by our law writers, when not inconsistent with professional delicacy.

We regret in this volume the want of a running, or marginal index. Every facility to reference and investigation should be observed in works of this description.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 20.—*Naufregia, or Historical Memoirs of Shipwrecks and of the providential Deliverance of Vessels.* By J. S. Clarke, F.R.S. 2 Vols. 8vo. Mawman. 1805.

'I devoutly hope,' (says Mr. Clarke, at the end of a preface, in which he speaks of himself with no small complacency) 'that the providential deliverance of vessels from perilous situations, may teach seamen and such of my fellow creatures as are exposed to danger or distress, to emulate the conduct of St. Paul; who, thrice shipwrecked, continually enforced this blessed precept, 'Against hope, believe in hope!' With Mr. C. we cannot but concur, and as we

think the narratives here brought together will contribute to so desirable an end, the work has our hearty approbation. He has furnished a very amusing as well as instructive compilation. Yet, preferring variety to repetition, we think that a little further compression would have diminished the price without injuring the value of the publication; and the chronological arrangement, which he rejects without a shadow of reason, would, in our opinion, have been a real advantage. His language we do not always understand. He calls, v. i. p. 1. Robinson Crusoe, 'the venerable recorder of the shipwrecked narrative, i. e. if words have any meaning, of a narrative which has suffered shipwreck. Neither do we always assent to his positions. He conceives (p. 276, v. i.) that the author of Robinson Crusoe borrowed a hint from the 'Dangerous Adventures of Captain Richard Falconer,' because Crusoe supposes, like Falconer, that in a long solitude he should forget the use of his speech. Surely this is nature and truth, and need not be imitation. A letter signed W. W. is quoted from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1788, in which we are told that the celebrated romance of Robinson Crusoe was written by the Earl of Oxford when confined in the Tower; that he gave the MSS. to Defoe, who added the second volume, and published the whole as his production. This is something like rambling, but who refuses to gossip about an old and favourite friend?

We shall now leave the reader to the perusal of the work, and it is not quite improbable that, in the course of it, he may fancy himself a spectator, and partake of the feelings described and illustrated by the philosophical poet:

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terribi magnum alterius spectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quæquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
Lucretius, l. ii.

ART. 21.—*The Elements of Greek Grammar; with Notes for the Use of those who have made some Progress in the Language.* 8vo. Richardsons. 1805.

A GREEK grammar, which, in an easy, perspicuous, and rational manner, would facilitate the acquisition of the language, which should be copious without prolixity, and completely learned without the oppressive lumber of superfluous erudition, has long been a desideratum in literature, which the present work, though it is by no means deficient in merit, is not entirely calculated to remove. The author has done something towards clearing away the rubbish that impedes the progress of the scholar. In most grammars the mind is confused by an infinity of distinctions, and the memory burthened with a multitude of rules. In the present performance the declensions of nouns are reduced to three; and in the number of conjugations which are retained, the author seems to have observed a happy medium between obscurity on the one hand, and prolixity on the other. In the syntax more of the idiomatic peculiarities of the language might advantageously have been noticed.

ART. 22.—*Thoughts on Affectation, addressed to young People. 8vo.*
Wilkie and Robinson.

THERE is some good advice in this treatise, but without any striking novelty of remark or force of illustration. The authoress has affixed to the term 'Affectation,' a much more comprehensive meaning than it will bear. According to the most approved sense, affectation is rather a foible than a crime, rather the operation of frivolity than of sin. But the writer confounds it with hypocrisy, &c. and, according to her plan, a whole code of ethics might be composed under the title of 'Thoughts on Affectation.' We suggest it to the authoress, whether she herself have not been guilty of a little of that affectation which she reprobates in the use of the word, and the composition of the work?

ART. 23.—*Arrian's Voyage round the Euxine Sea translated; and accompanied with a Geographical Dissertation and Maps. To which are added, Three Discourses: I. On the Trade to the East Indies by Means of the Euxine Sea; II. On the Distance which the Ships of Antiquity usually sailed in twenty-four Hours; III. On the Measure of the Olympic Stadium. 4to. Cadell. 1805.*

ARRIAN's Periplus of the Euxine Sea is a brief geographical enumeration of the places and distances on the coast, very sparingly interspersed with slight historical notices and observations on the people and the products of the country. Only part of the voyage itself was performed by Arrian in person, and the information which is contained in the rest, he appears to have collected from the accounts of other travellers. Arrian himself sailed from Trapezus, a city on the southern side of the Euxine, and in his time the principal rendezvous of the Roman marine in that sea, to Discurias or Sebastopolis on the north-eastern extremity. The distances of places are given with considerable exactness, and do not differ much from the modern calculations. In the present quarto, the translation of the Periplus itself takes up about twenty pages; the rest of the volume is occupied with a dissertation and three discourses, in which we discover marks of patient research and considerable erudition. In the discourse on the commerce of the Euxine sea, the author argues that the commodities of the east were conveyed to Europe by that channel before the communication was practised by the Arabian gulph. The evidence, however, which the author produces in support of this assertion, does not appear to be very satisfactory. Indian commodities might indeed have been conveyed from India to the Icarus in Bactriana, thence down the Oxus into the Caspian, across which they were carried to the mouth of the Kur or Cyrus, and thence transported by the Phasis into the Euxine; but the Arabian gulph furnished the easiest and most expeditious communication, of which the previous discovery is not only the most probable, but of the actual existence of which in the earliest times the most antient records furnish the most satisfactory evidence. In the discourse on the measure of the Greek stadium, the author has brought forward

very satisfactory evidence to prove that, though the measure of the stadium was not uniformly the same, where no specification of a different measure appears, the Olympic stadium of eight to a mile is not generally understood. The Olympic stadium consisted of 600 Greek feet, or 625 of Roman measure. The Greek foot was longer than the Roman in the proportion of 25 to 24. Herodotus informs us that 200 stadia, or 25 Greek miles, equal to 22.893 English miles, was a day's journey for a foot traveller; and that 150 stadia, or 18½ Greek miles was a day's march for an army. In the discourse on the distance which the ships of the ancients sailed in 24 hours, the author, after a copious examination of opposite opinions, concludes that 1000 stadia were the average distance which the ships of antiquity performed in that space of time. This computation is probably beyond the truth.

ART. 24.—*A compendious English Grammar, with a Key, by which Experience has proved, that a Boy with a tolerable Capacity may, in a few Months, be taught to speak or write the English Language correctly, though totally unacquainted with the Latin or Greek Language.* By D. Paper, LL. B. 12mo. Ostell.

WE have perused this Grammar with considerable satisfaction; and can pronounce it to be well calculated to answer the purpose which is professed in the title page. To say this is certainly to bestow on it no common praise.

ART. 25.—*A Philosophical Essay on the Game of Billiards; wherein the Theory is minutely examined upon physical Principles, and familiarly exhibited by easy Transitions from Causes to Effects. With Plates, &c. &c.* By an Amateur. Robinson. 1806.

THE author of this philosophical Essay, has, we will venture to say, a better claim to the title which he gives to himself at the end of his treatise (Philobill) than to that of philosopher, to which he seems to aspire in his title-page. A more flimsy performance we have rarely seen. We may apply to it, in more senses than one, the classical phrase (*verba dat*)—aye, and *verba sesquipedalia* too. But as for philosophy—! But we will add no more. Let the author consider, to use his own phrase, how little necessary *constmility* there is between fine words and good sense—in short, let him take his cue, and give up authorship.

ART. 26.—*Observations on the Mildew, suggested by the Queries of Mr. Arthur Young.* By John Egremont, Esq. pp. 40. Hatchard. 1806.

MR. A. Young, in order to facilitate experiments and inquiries, published twelve queries, relative to the cause and effects of mildew. One of these queries, the 11th, has been productive of much injury, and is certainly irrelevant to the subject: 'What proportion, in your opinion, does the late crop bear to a common

average produce?' A question no man who knew any thing of human nature would have proposed, and one which it would be much easier to answer generally than to estimate the ridiculous answers it must necessarily have received. If all the rectors in the country took their tythe in kind, then such a question might be addressed to them exclusively; but otherwise it is just as absurd as the attempt to estimate the quantity of wine made in France from the produce of one vine. Mr. Egremont, however, has answered it, and by the assistance of two or three halves and thirds, has contrived to appear very profound and sagacious, although, perhaps, he does not even know it *correctly* in his own farm, much less that of his neighbours. This writer speaks only of the mildew or ousy appearance on the straw of wheat, and takes no notice of the *blighted* or black ear, which is known to be the work of insects. According to his observations (which have not been very extensive), 'clayey soils have yielded crops the least affected by mildew, and peat or moor the most, calcareous and sandy loams the next.' Early sown crops are supposed to be most secure from mildew; white wheat is the soonest infected, red later, and bearded the last. Mr. Egremont, however, has not offered us any new facts or observations on the nature or cause of mildew; he ascribes it to cold, and the sudden transitions from heat to cold and cold to heat alternately; although he admits that it may be a fungus, he contends for its being a disease in the circulation of the vegetable juices. In fact we have not been able to perceive any thing in these 'Observations' which has not been previously laid before the public in the Critical Review; and the vegetable tumour, which certain microscopical dreamers call a plant, (as all vegetable matter assumes an organized appearance) and which we ascribed to the action of cold and moisture obstructing the vegetable circulation, Mr. E. would perhaps call a frost-bitten part of a vegetable. To attribute it entirely, however, to the influence of the atmosphere, is to give us slender hopes of being able to prevent it: but experience, independent of all theories, has fortunately furnished our farmers with a sure mean of resisting this supposed action of the atmosphere in the previous preparation of the seed, and it is for them to adhere still more rigidly to a practice, which has hitherto been attended with the greatest success.

ART. 27.—*The Climate of Great Britain; or Remarks on the Change it has undergone, particularly within the last Fifty Years. Accounting for the increased Humidity and consequent Cloudiness of our Springs and Summers; with the Effects such ungenial Seasons have produced upon the Vegetable and Animal Economy. Including various Experiments to ascertain the Causes of such Changes. Interspersed with numerous physiological Facts and Observations, illustrative of the Process of Vegetation, and the Connection subsisting between the Phenomena of the Weather and the Productions of the Soil.* By John Williams, Esq. 2vo. Baldwin. 1806.

THIS very comprehensive title precludes the necessity of giving

a more tedious explanation of the contents of this volume. It will doubtless satisfy most readers, and beyond a question all who have any knowledge of meteorology. The author has taken a vulgar opinion for a philosophical truth, and has laboured very hard to explain its cause and consequences. To a philosophical inquirer, however, the first experiment necessary was to ascertain the fact, whether the climate of this country be positively *more* humid in consequence of the different acts of parliament for inclosing waste lands? Mr. W. takes it for granted that it is, and without any preliminary inquiry, without reverting to the different meteorological journals published in the Philosophical Transactions and other works, or even without duly considering the very facts which he himself has quoted (p. 78 to 82) endeavours to prove that the climate is growing more humid and more cloudy in consequence of the increase of planting! His sole argument and proof of this supposed change of climate, to him perhaps unanswerable, is no doubt very ingenious. 'For (says he) we do not *hear* the same complaint of wet cold seasons from our neighbours, who inhabit the same parallels of latitude on the continent!' We can readily believe that our philosopher, residing in London, cannot *hear* the same complaints of wet and cold on the continent; but we can inform him that if he were there, he would *hear* the peasantry make the very same complaints. This volume upon the whole chiefly consists of 'shreds and patches' from all the modern publications, particularly Darwin's *Phytologia*, and bears evident marks of a superficial compiler, but none of an original observer of the economy of nature. At best, it can only be considered as the work of a man who began to observe nature yesterday, and who writes or rather compiles before he thinks. We shall not intrude upon the attention of our readers with detailed observations on such a performance.

ART. 28.—*Repertorio Musicale ossia Raccolta di varia Poesia composta ad uso de' Professori di Musica, e dilettanti: da G. B. Boschini Romano, pastore Arcade, e antico Membro delle Accademie de' Forti, e de' Quiriti.* 12mo. Londra, Dulau. 1806.

SIGNOR Boschini has not been very fortunate in chusing a title to his work, as a Musical Repertory is much better adapted to convey the idea of a collection of pieces of music than that of poetry for music. This, however, is no diminution of its intrinsic merit. The good taste and sound criticism modestly evinced in the preface, is a very favourable presage of the author's work; and his pointed censure of the ridiculous jingling ribaldry of many Italian rhymers and manufacturers of modern operas, is so just, that we shall give it in his own words:

'Questi sono stati da qualche tempo in sì gran numero, che hanno quasi totalmente infettato con *insipidi e bassi concetti* l'atmosfera armonica, e persuaso col continuo, e disgustoso e-sempio a' meno istruiti, non esser la poesia per musica altra cosa, che una combinazione acconciamente ordinata di parole or sdrucchiole, or tronche, or di iambi, or di dattili, or di spondei, or di trochei, ed ora di qua-

disillabi ed anche pentasillabi melodiosi, sonori, o romoreggianti. In questa seconda classe di poeti melopici comprendonsi anche alcuni, i quali, oltre la intera mancanza d' idee, e la *viltà* delle espressioni, introducono frequentemente vocaboli, frasi e idiomi, che potrebbero per ventura chiamarsi piuttosto gallicismi, e starpiature francesi, che tollerabile, italica favella.

This little volume indeed is unquestionably the best collection of the most *rational* songs and chorusses in Italian that we have seen; and the lovers of Italian literature and music in this country are much indebted to Signor Boschini for the highly laudable and successful attempt to unite 'sound and sense' in their musical entertainments.

ART. 29. — *The singular and interesting Trial of Henry Stanton, Esq. of the 8th or King's Regiment, on Charges for unofficerlike Behaviour, as preferred against him by Lieutenant Colonel Young, commanding the said Regiment; tried by a general Court Martial held at Doncaster, 14th August 1805 and several subsequent Days. The Conduct of those Officers of the 2d Battalion of the above Regiment, who were combined against Mr. Stanton, is exposed; and their Examinations as taken on Oath, together with the Defence set up, to contradict their Testimony by his Friends, are correctly exhibited. The whole tending clearly to evince the injurious Treatment which Mr. Stanton sustained.* 12mo. 8vo. Egerton. 1806.

WE are indebted for this singular publication to the aunt of H. Stanton, Esq. the widow of a Capt. Downes, who, hearing 'that some persons had through malice inserted in the London papers, a paragraph, tending to throw a stigma on her nephew, by stating he had been found guilty by a general court martial, of ungentlemanlike conduct,' has thought proper to lay the proceedings of the trial before the public. These by no means invalidate the statement in the paragraph, if any such appeared. Mr. Stanton, who is an Irishman, had the insolence to intimate at a billiard table that he should post all officers who did not pay their debts. This, it appears, was resented by a Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Fitzpatrick, who preferred a complaint against him to the colonel of the regiment; and the consequence was an arrest, for a violation of the forms of which the present trial was instituted; notwithstanding the defendant was found guilty, we think that the officers of the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment entertained a considerable prejudice against him for some reasons, which are not assigned in this pamphlet; and to this prejudice, more than to the charges preferred against him on the trial (which are in themselves absolutely frivolous) he owes his degradation in that regiment.

ART. 30. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Isaac Watts, D. D. with Extracts from his Correspondence, 8vo. 3s. Williams and Smith. 1806.*

WHATEVER relates to this learned and eminent dissenting mi-

nister, is deserving of perusal. 'Few men have left behind them says Dr. Johnson, 'such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety; he has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars.'

The writer of the present memoirs has comprehended all the facts in Gibbons and subsequent biographers, and given a faithful delineation of the author and the man: the selection of his correspondence throws light upon many particulars of his life, and will greatly add to the gratification of the reader.

ART. 31.—*An Historical Account of Corsham House in Wiltshire, the Seat of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. with a Catalogue of his celebrated Collection of Pictures. Dedicated to the Patrons of the British Institution, and embracing a concise Historical Essay on the Fine Arts, with a brief Account of the different Schools, and a Review of the progressive State of the Arts in England, also Biographical Sketches of the Artists whose Works constitute this Collection. By John Tritton. Embellished with a View and Plan of the House. 8vo. Longman. 1806.*

THE collection of paintings at Corsham house is noble, and will amply reward the visit of those who may happen to be in the neighbourhood of this magnificent mansion: to such this little work will be found both an useful and entertaining companion.

ART. 32.—*The Primitives of the Greek Tongue, in five Languages, viz. Greek, Latin, English, Italian and French, in Verse. By J. F. Alphonso Noullier. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

SINCE the days of old Lily, the world has not witnessed so absurd an attempt at versification as the present. The author shall be his own expositor: 'the kind of line is an hexameter verse, so far as the Greek words have allowed me to do so; the Latin coming next still preserves its quantity: then the English and the Italian, which have also their accent very conspicuous; and chiefly the Italian, whose accent is a great improvement, and yet so seldom acquired by foreigners; the French at last, which forms the sixth foot or spondee, the whole answering to a Greek or Latin verse of the same measure, as Μηνι ἀνδρὶ βρά Πηληϊάδῳ Ἀχιλλεύς, Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris; thus must be read the following lines.

Ἀγῶς | cāstūs—in | nōcēt | immācū | lātō pūr | & chāste

Ἀῖ | ſō; vēhē | mēns sāng | uīne ār | dēntē vēhēmēt |

Δρῦν | dīlānī | ārē tō | teār stracci | arē dē | chīrer

This work is dedicated to the late Master of Westminster school, who, we think, will not conceive himself greatly flattered by the honour.